

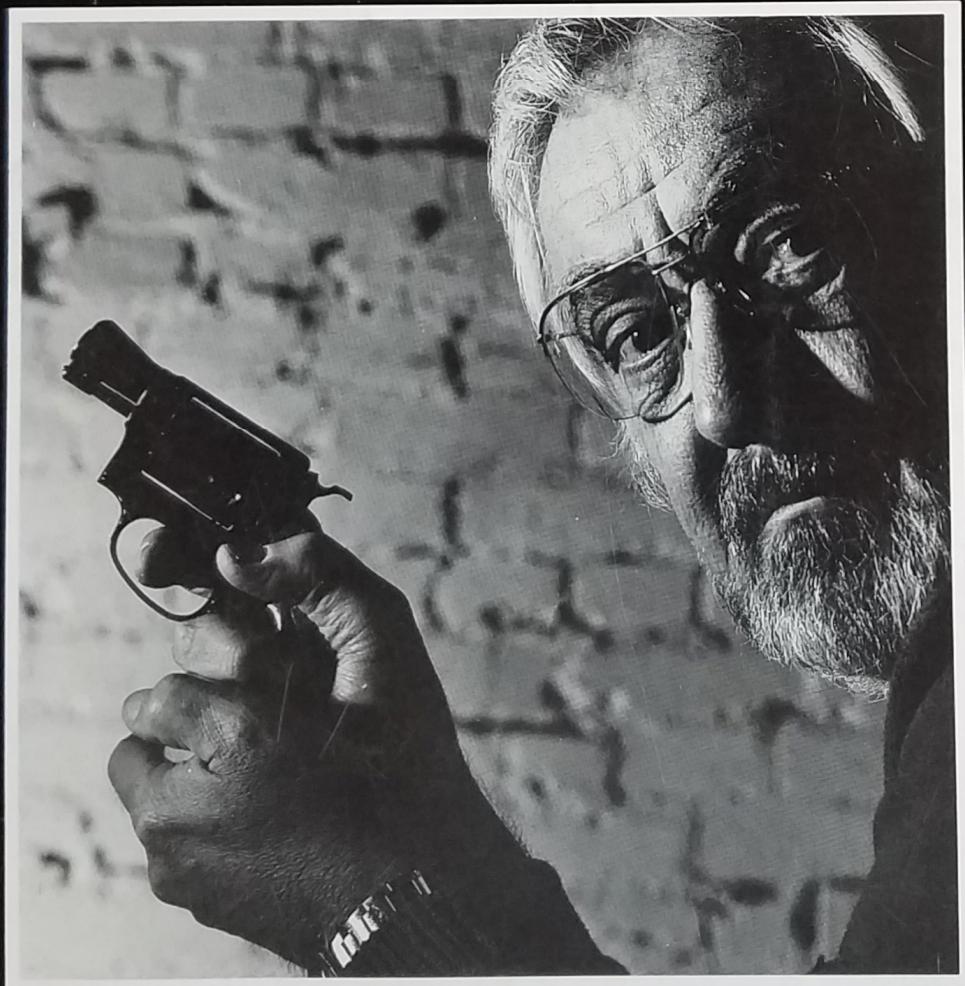
D-Day in the Last Foothills page 54

T U C S O N • A R I Z O N A

CITY MAGAZINE

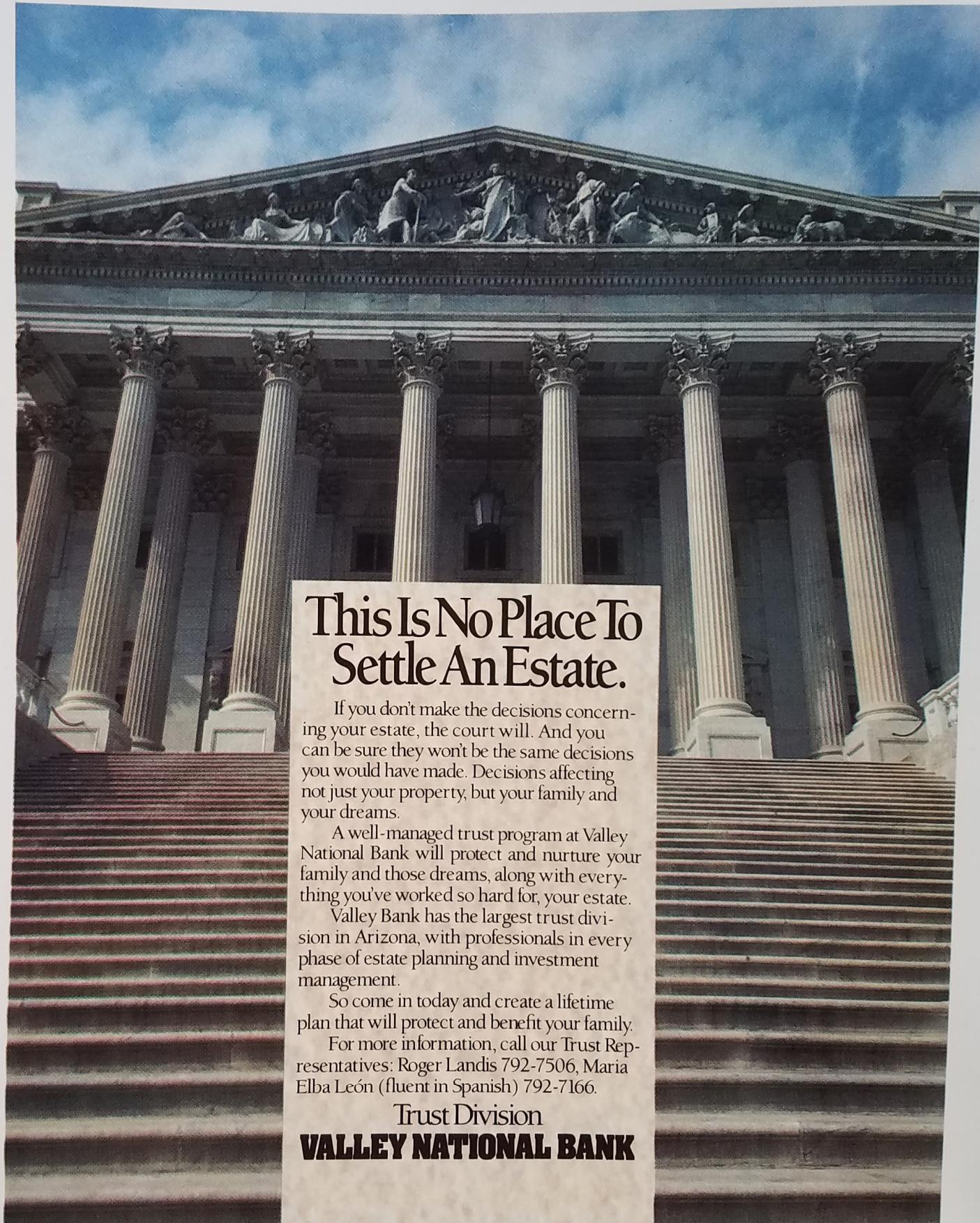
May 1988 \$1.95

TAKING ON THE MOB



Roy Elson graduated from Tucson High School in 1948. He graduated from the Mafia in August 1985. Twice he ran for the U.S. Senate. Now he runs for his life, dropping in and out of Tucson. You meet him in a bar, his .38 always nearby. The voice is usually cheerful and relaxed but the drinks come fast and hard. The athletic bag holds 94 hours of Mafia warlords on tape. He will testify in court. If they don't kill him first.... page 38.

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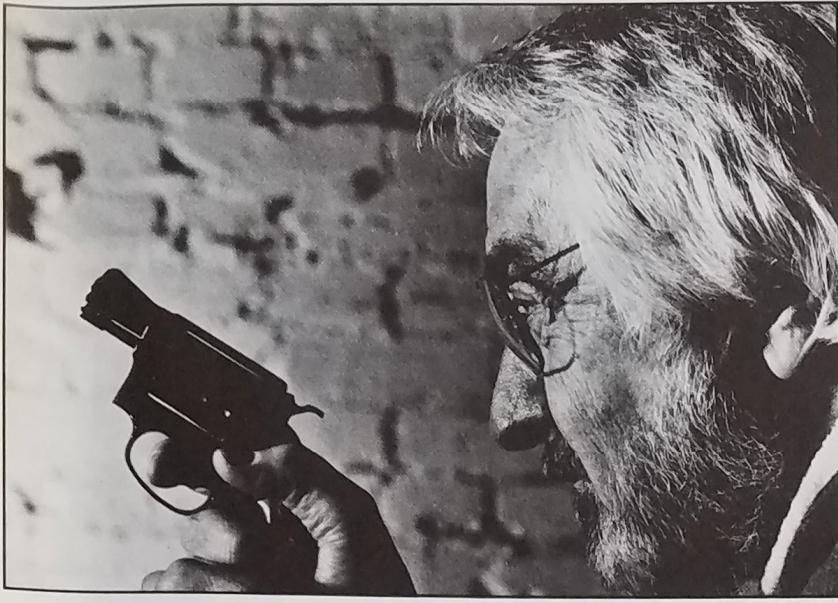
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Cover: Photograph of Roy Elson by Tom Wolff.

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1 OUT OF 5 BUYERS TOOK THE LONG WAY HOME LAST YEAR.

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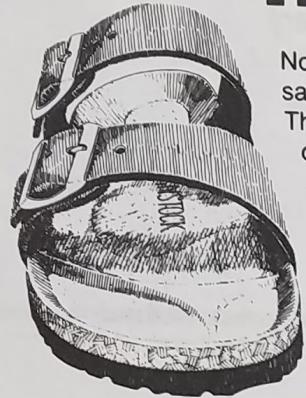
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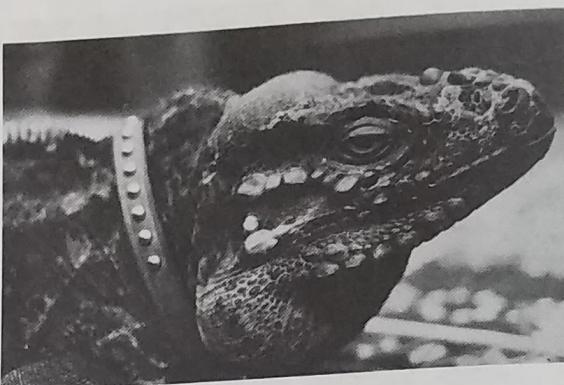
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HOWDY



Howdy,

I'm couch-lounging at the home of my friend Mario when the phone rings. He listens a second, says, "195, that's good, huh?" and hangs up. "Doc's office with my cholesterol count," he explains. "Got it down below 200.

"It's not so bad. My wife cooks up these Egg Beaters and turkey sausage. I can still eat Mexican food—she just fries it in Pam." What's wrong with this picture? Mario is true blood going back to the Ochoas and Samaniegos, a man with reverence for beans and tortillas fried in lard, and he's eating egg substitutes. Suddenly, half the warm-blooded porkers I know are obsessed with cholesterol.

My publisher, who thinks lunch is a bag of Cheetos and a Coke, is slightly elevated. A Wisconsin boy, he figures if he cuts his butter, bacon and egg intake by half, he may close a dozen corporate farms, but drop his count. Instead, it leaps to redline 300. Now he lives on oat bran.

"Fish, three times a week," a UA prof brags. A corporate CEO here tries fish oil pills—for two days. He feels like he's burping fish sticks. A normally glib salesman now puts us to sleep explaining his "good" cholesterol—"bad" cholesterol ratio. A wisp of a writer is surviving on buckwheat. And a nurse insists, "It's not diet at all; it's stress."

You know, lizards figured it out a long time ago. If you simply lie on a warm rock and eat leaves, you never hear the dreaded C-word.

Iggy

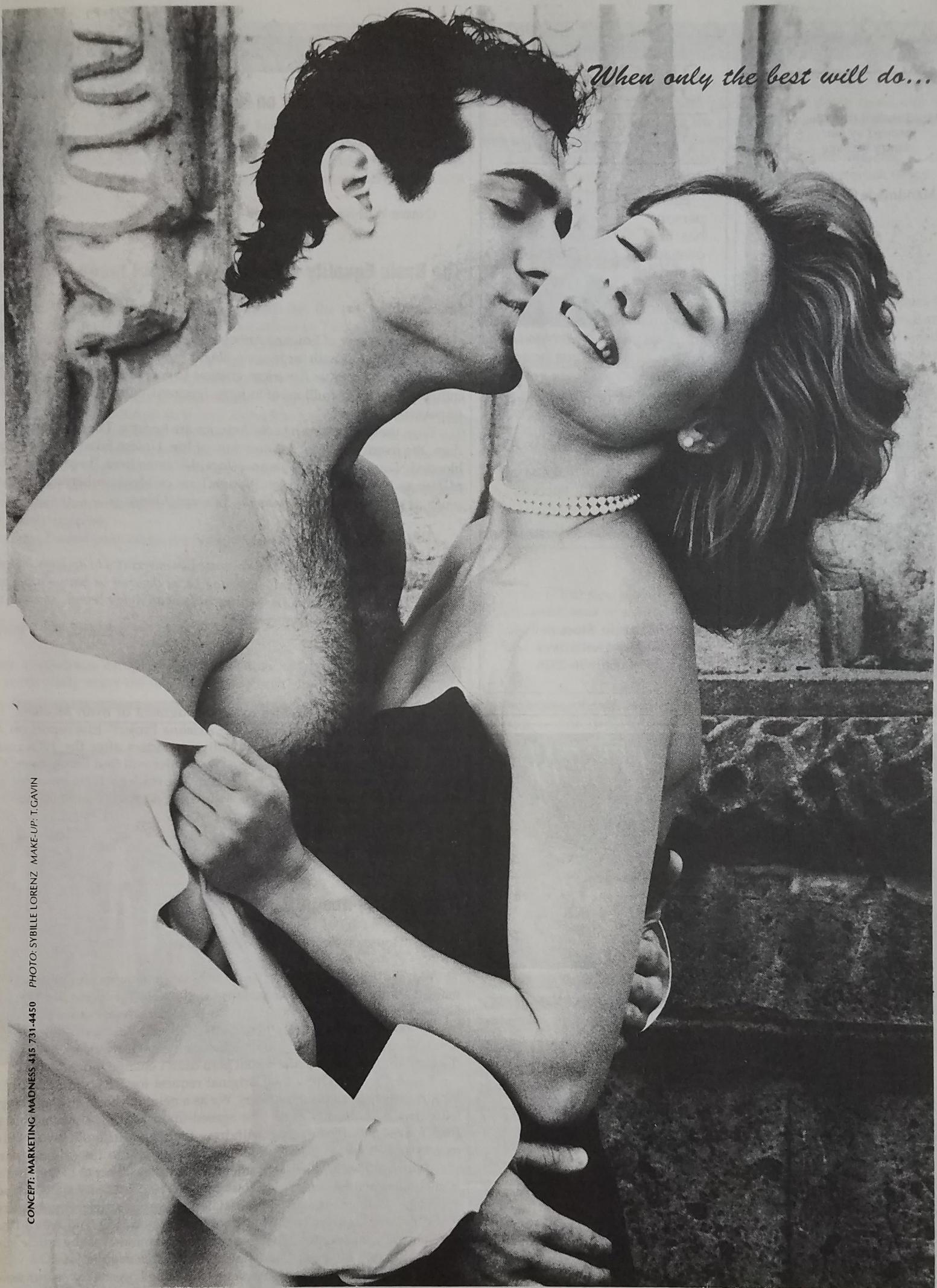
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LETTERS

And Then Kleindienst on Nixon?

Greatly taken by your interview concerning Steiger's assessment of Mecham.

Perhaps next you could give us Meese on Reagan.

(Name Withheld on Request)

The Basic Equality of Being

Dear Editor,

In your review of Edward Abbey's *One Life at a Time, Please*, you quote him as writing, "Faced with large-scale illegal immigration from Latin America...it might be wise for us as American citizens to consider calling a halt to the mass influx of even more millions of hungry, ignorant, culturally-morally-genetically impoverished people."

True, these aliens from Latin America are hungry. They are hungry for freedom, the freedom to find a better way of life. Unless Edward Abbey is a pure blooded Native American, his ancestors also came here. It would be interesting to discuss this with him. Even though I am of Mexican heritage, I am just as much a citizen of my country as Mr. Edward Abbey.

Alva B. Torres

Editor's note: Abbey informs us that the quote was misprinted in his book. It should have read "generically impoverished," referring i.e. to the poor ye have always with you. Now, as before, he believes in the basic equality of all living beings, whether native or immigrant, human, animal or vegetable.

Hotbed of Intrigue

Regarding those who wish to sit in judgment of Evan Mecham, I would suggest that first they must read "The Arizona Project" [the report on Arizona done by a team of national investigative reporters after the 1976 murder of *Arizona Republic* reporter Don Bolles]. The reader will find that none of the characters in the book are slated for sainthood. The reader will be aware of a hotbed of intrigue in our state capitol to rival any fiction produced in Hollywood or on TV.

Kay Mallek

A Neighborly Nudge

Re: "House on Fire" article, February issue.

We, the negotiating team for Northmanor neighborhood, would like to make a comment concerning our negotiations with Forest City Development Group. It is true that we have reached an amiable agreement with them concerning the now vacant property just north of the Rillito River and east of Oracle Road. We do not agree with the statement on page forty-one which says, "From the beginning to the end, the actual plan didn't change much."

Forest City withdrew their original request for B2H zoning, which allows buildings as high as twenty stories. We as a neighborhood strongly oppose this extremely high density zone. The agreed-upon zoning allows nothing higher than four stories. Forest City withdrew their plan to build two twelve-story towers and three other large buildings. We agreed to the original part of the plan which allows low-level commercial buildings adjacent to our single family homes along with an eight-foot sound barrier wall and adequate landscaping.

There was one other inaccurate statement in the article. One-hundred-fifty-eight households were contacted door-to-door, not 153, and we did have five households in opposition. The vote was not unanimous as the article stated. We are pleased that the vast majority agreed with our negotiations.

We, as a neighborhood, are pleased to have Forest City as our new neighbors if they maintain our agreement reached on Nov. 27, 1987.

Sincerely,
Carolyn Huthoefner, Board Member
Northmanor Neighborhood Negotiating Team

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Ostrich With an Oxygen Mask

I am delighted with the *City Magazine*. It has a freshness that stands out from the tourist-oriented periodicals. I wish you could help the air freshness as well. Why do none of the papers mention that awful "blue cloud" that comes in from San Manuel smelter to mingle with the "brown cloud"? Our state bird should be an ostrich.

Jinny Ballantine

A Bit Paranoid About Phoenix

Your magazine seems to be the liveliest and also the magazine with the most substance of the three city-oriented magazines in Tucson. Some of your writers seem a bit paranoid about Phoenix. However some friends in Tempe from my student days of the late '40s over the years expressed feelings that they weren't too happy about its uncontrolled growth either. Since circumstances took me from Arizona after my graduation from what was then Arizona State at Tempe, I didn't suffer through it. It was a shock when I returned after three decades for a visit. Now, several years later and with relatives in Tucson, I will more likely be visiting here, or even settling here eventually. As a Sun Devil in Wildcat country, I might be a bit alienated. Having spent a career in higher education, I may tend to favor the schools I attended, yet am *not* a fanatic about it. I tend to feel that with those who are such fanatics, their college education didn't entirely succeed.

Anyway, I want your magazine. I hope to return next winter at the least.

Neil E. Matthew
Indianapolis, IN

Iggy Ain't No Moose

Your magazine is exceptional in its coverage of Tucson and our desert lifestyle. I particularly enjoy the fine articles on growth and the environment.

I was appalled to see an ad for the International Wildlife Museum in the March issue. Besides the obvious glorification of death sport, this display of butchered flesh inhabits one of the ugliest monuments to misplaced architecture ever to destroy a section of desert land.

I would hate to see my friend Iggy stuffed and mounted in someone's "Desert Dwellers Wildlife Museum." He wouldn't have much to say.

Sam Reid

Cone Heads Invade City

I'm new to Tucson. One of my first questions was, "Who puts the cones out?" Never having actually seen anyone coning, I began to plunge around for an answer, and then I hit upon it! Cone elves. And so it was that I spied on them to confirm my hypothesis. After a goodly wait, one day I was rewarded—yes there they were! The cone elves, wearing gray camouflage clothing, the head elf in an orange cone hat and the others in green. No one seemed to see them or notice their activities. Are they invisible to regular residents, I thought? Sadly I never saw them again. The cones again appear and disappear twice a day. Maybe if I start a Cone Elf Protection Society

Linda Nowland

We like to hear from you, but please keep it short. We reserve the right to edit letters, which must be signed. Also include a return address and phone number (which we won't publish). Send your letters to: *City Magazine*, 1050 E. River Road, Suite 200, Tucson Arizona 85718.



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Double Your Fun



This month the Smothers Brothers team up with Tucson's own symphony orchestra for an evening of music and laughter. That's just one of the many different events happening in May. Check us out, we're trying hard to smother you with choices.

Tucson Convention Center The Center of Attention

EVENTS

May 5 & 6

Smothers Brothers with the Tucson Symphony

May 7 & 8

Tucson Boys Chorus
Mother's Day Concert

May 12 - 15

Press Club "Gridiron Show"

May 19 - 29

SALOC presents "Camelot"

through May 21

ATC Studs Terkel

May 22

The Spring Bird Mart

May 25 & 26

The Construction Show

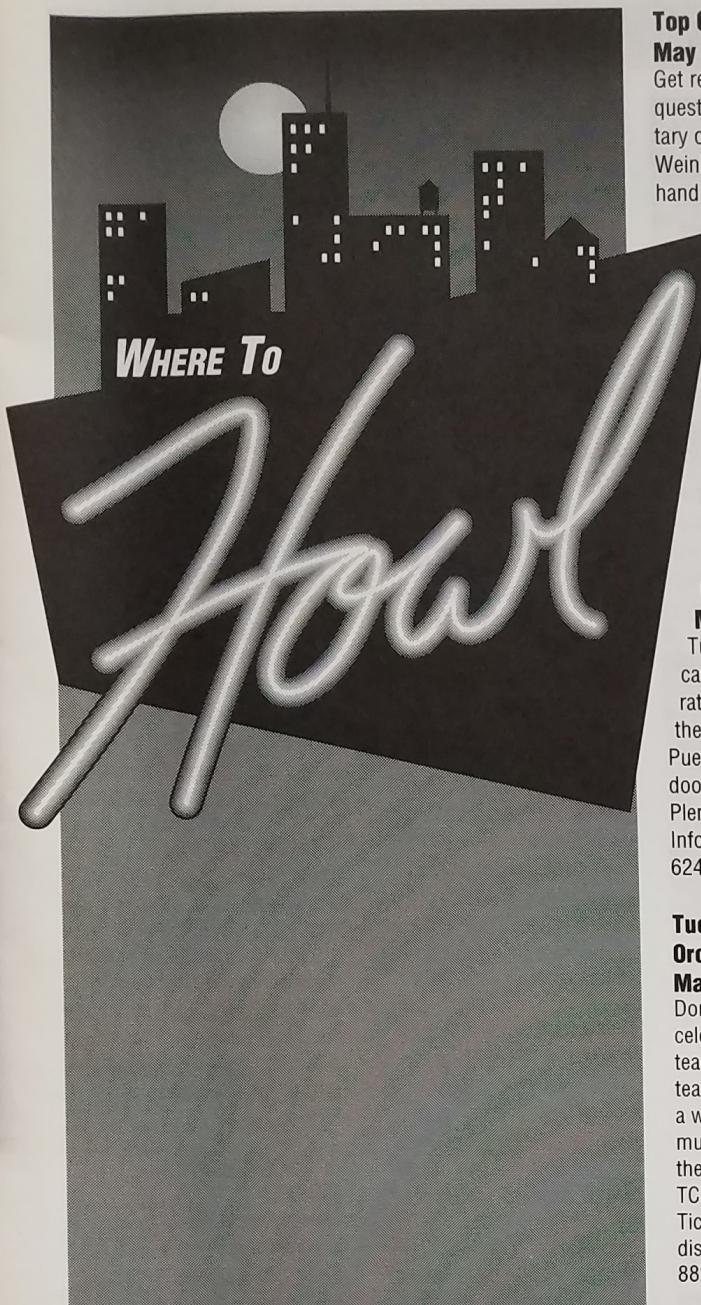
May 26 - 28

The Music Man

May 28 & 29

Apalategui Reception

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Top Gun

May 4

Get ready to fire off some questions to a former secretary of defense, Caspar W. Weinberger, Reagan's right hand. As this administration winds down and ol' Cas does the talk circuit, maybe we'll find out what really went on. Maybe not. Part of TMC's Greater Issue series. Tickets \$65, includes dinner at the Doubletree Hotel. Limited seating. Registration, 327-5461, ext. 5982.

Cinco De Mayo

May 5-8

Tucson's Mexican-American community commemorates Mexico's victory over the French at the town of Puebla with a four-day outdoor fiesta at Kennedy Park. Plenty of food, fun and frolic. Info on times, 791-4873 or 624-3819.

Tucson Symphony Orchestra Pops Parade

May 6,7

Don't miss television's most celebrated sibling rivalry team. The Smothers Brothers team up with the symphony in a who-knows-what night of musical comedy. See if they've mellowed with age. TCC Music Hall at 8 p.m. Ticket range \$7-16. Student discount available. Info, 882-8585.



Former Secretary of Defense Caspar W. Weinberger

MAY'S CHOICE

Real People Eat Red Meat

May 7

Stuffed meatballs in sherry sauce...Arizona cashew beef...beef baked in herbed buttermilk...Chinese meatballs...just some of the dishes that received awards in last year's Arizona Beef Cook-Off. Find out what culinary creations are happening at the annual cook-off (six finalists compete for prizes and a chance to enter the National Beef Cook-Off) at 10 a.m. at Old Tucson. Recipes available to the public. One day the AMA will outlaw events like this. Adm. charge. Info, 883-0100.

Mother's Day Concert

May 8

Celebrate her special status with the Tucson Boys Chorus annual spring concert at TCC Music Hall at 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This is downright inspirational—besides, it will endear you to that important lady. Do not miss. Mothers \$1. Ticket range \$5-\$3. Reserved seats, \$7.50, only available at the Boys Chorus office. Info, 296-6277.

Aging with Excellence Seminar

May 10, 12, 17, 19

We can't figure out how to do it ourselves, so we have professionals to teach us. May 10, "Caring for the Caregiver, Coping with Depression"; May 12, "Prevention of Vascular Disease, Circulation Problems and Current Therapies"; May 17, "Financial Planning, Catastrophic Health Insurance"; May 19, "Com-

municating with Your Doctor on Diabetes." Shuddering subject matter that warrants a bout of deep breathing before attending. But, don't miss. Free in TMC's Marshall Auditorium at 2:30 p.m. Vitals, 327-5461, ext. 1805.

Centurions Bash

May 14

If the parties you've been attending leave you wanting, try this one on for size. More than four thousand upwardly mobile folk gather at the annual Centurions fundraiser (all proceeds to St. Mary's hospice). This year the theme is "New York, New York, The Great Times Square Affair." Suggestions for dress: Broadway theater characters, Yankee's or Met's heroes, Bowery burns, Greenwich Village artists or Soho hipsters, wrist watch hawkers, Statue of Liberty or see if you can look like Charlie Sheen of "Wall Street." Better yet, try the Ivan Boesky look. It's a slice of the Big Apple in the core of the city at The Williams Centre. \$30 a person. Cocktails and buffet 6-8 p.m. Bop 'til you drop to the tunes of the "Pepper" danceband. Music starts at 9 p.m. Info, 622-5833, ext. 1412.

Boho Bisbee

May 28-30

Bisbee's first annual spring fair, featuring handcrafted items. You name the art and you'll find it here. An orgy of ethnic food booths, mariachi music and more. It's happening around the Convention Center in downtown Bisbee. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Free. Info, 1-432-3376.

WHERE TO HOWL

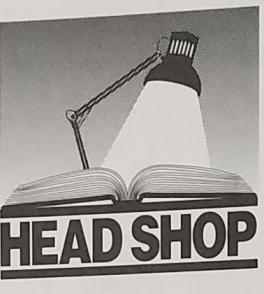
IT'S A DATE! (But you gotta be on time!)

If you want an event, program, etc., listed in **Where to Howl**, information must be submitted in writing six weeks before the first day of the month of publication (for instance, by May 18 for a July listing). **Choice** and **Where to Howl** are a selective guide by **City Magazine**. Mail to Laura Greenberg, Calendar Editor, 1050 E. River Rd., Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718. Info, 293-1801.

arteries are. TMC offers free blood pressure tests and \$3 cholesterol screenings at various sites around town. Sponsored by the Voluntary Hospitals of America as part of Countdown USA. Further info, 327-5451, ext. 1805.

Eighties Motivation May 5

Jack Schwarz, internationally acclaimed teacher and author of 3 best-selling books, presents a lecture and workshop on accessing and working with our higher sense perception—commonly known as intuition. Lecture on May 5 at the Doubletree Inn from 7:30-9:30 p.m. Workshop, May 6, from 7:30-9:30 p.m. and Sat. May 7, from 10 a.m.-5 p.m. at the Doubletree Inn. Registration info, Robin Marks, 881-5257.



HEAD SHOP

Fine Point

May 2, 9, 16, 21, 23
Introductory techniques in contemporary botanical illustration, including pen & ink, coquille board, ink wash, prisma color, watercolor and pastels. Ellen McMahon, scientific illustrator, will draw out the creative "you" in this 5-session class. Time: 6:30-8:30 p.m. except May 21, 9:30-11:30 a.m. Fee: \$45 members; \$40 non-members. Pre-registration required. Tucson Botanical Gardens, 2150 N. Alvernon. Info, 326-9255.

Gender Bender

May 3
Continuing their UA Faculty Lecture Series, Patricia MacCorquodale, associate professor in sociology, lectures on gender and justice. Find out what we've gained and the trade-offs we've made. UA Arizona Health Sciences Center Main Auditorium, Room 2600, at 7:30 p.m. Question-and-answer session follows. Free. Info, 621-1856.

Cultural Awareness Workshop

May 3
Native Americans speak on living in the community. Learn who lives here. Sponsored by the Volunteer Center. Pre-registration required. Fee: \$5 general; member agencies, free. The University of Phoenix from 9 a.m.-noon. Info, 327-6207.

Plaque Plague

May 4
Find out how clogged your

Moths and Butterflies May 14

This one's for kids. How do you raise a caterpillar to an adult moth or butterfly? How do you prepare specimens for a collection? Steve Prchal will answer all your questions in a hands-on workshop for budding entomologists from 9:11 a.m. Fee: \$5 members; \$6 non-members. Pre-registration required. Tucson Botanical Gardens, 2150 N. Alvernon. Info, 326-9255.

Tenth Street Danceworks Through May 14

Classes in beginning and intermediate modern, jazz and ballet. Children's sessions also. Held at the YWCA (5th and University). Make exercise fun and flood your brain with endorphins. Adm. charge. Details, 628-8880.

Heartfelt Message

May 14
Stash away your movie money for the week and attend the Desert Institute of the Healing Arts class in cardiopulmonary resuscitation for a mere \$10 from 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Pre-registration required. 639 N. 6th Ave. Info, 882-0899.

Art Collector Series

May 15
Short presentations by a specialist (unannounced) on a particular aspect of collecting Spanish Colonial and Latin American art. Bring in your own stuff and have it authenticated. Made possible by the Tucson Pima Arts Council. Held at Tucson Museum of Art. Further info, 624-2333.

May 19
Put some zest back into your marriage in this workshop designed for couples who're losing it. Marla Perry, R.N., M.S., and Mark Trommer, M.A., instruct this couples workshop from 7-9 p.m. at La Frontera Center, 502 W. 29th. Fee: \$15 per family/\$10 a person. Info, 884-9920.

Controversial Museum Year 'Round

The International Wildlife Museum has stirred up everybody's emotions, from environmentalists to trophy hunters. See for yourself—then judge. Hundreds of wildlife exhibitions from all over the world; tours, interactive exhibits, videos, films, exotic foods and odd souvenirs. 4800 W. Gates Pass. Adults \$4, children 6-12 \$1.50. Open daily 9 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Info, 577-9890.

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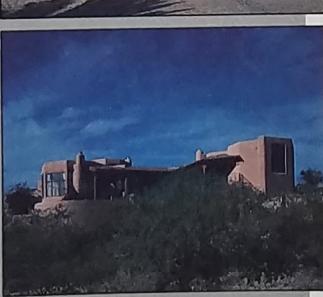
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WAY EVENTS

Cinco de Mayo Run

May 1

Strengthen leg muscles in the annual Cinco de Mayo 10k race and 2-mile fun run at 7 a.m. in TMC's northwest parking lot. Race day registration \$12, includes Mexican breakfast and T-shirt. Co-sponsored by the Southern Arizona Roadrunners Club. Vitals, 327-5461, ext. 1805.

Winners' Circle

May 1

Second annual Party of Life brings cancer patients, survivors, family and friends to share their victories. Reid Park Bandshell, 1-3 p.m. Free. Info, 790-2600.

Mammography Screening

May 2-6

By calling 1-800-ACS-2345 during this week, women over 35 can receive a discounted rate on mammograms at participating Tucson facilities. Don't put this off. Info, 790-2600.

Trip Back in Time

May 5-8

If high-tech makes you feel low, visit this antique show and sale featuring collectibles and other treasures from the past. Park Mall—regular hours. Info, 748-1222.

Rollin' on the River Party

May 7

An outdoor party for a good cause. Music, a dance, plenty of food and drink, and best of all, it's free. A chance to participate in a raffle that carries a grand prize for the fleet of foot—a 3-minute shopping spree at ABCO. Co-sponsored by ABCO stores, proceeds to benefit the Volunteer Center. 7-9 p.m. at River and Craycroft.

Solar Potluck

May 7

Are you brain damaged from your microwave? Check out how the sun's energy can be harnessed for ovens, heaters, photovoltaics and distillation. Exhibits and demonstrations with a potluck at the end of the day. Find out what sunshine really tastes like, and don't forget to bring food to share. At 9 a.m. in Catalina

State Park. Free, but \$2 per car state fee. Sponsored by the Citizens for Solar Cookery. Info, 888-5686.

Fun 'n Frolic

May 7

Oury Park's annual Cinco de Mayo festival featuring live music, food booths and games from noon 'til midnight. A barrio tradition. 600 W. St. Mary's Rd. Info, 791-4788.

Celebrity Waiters Dinner

May 7

The Hispanic Leadership Development Program in conjunction with the United Way sponsors the third annual celebrity waiters dinner. Local "stars" serve dinner to guests and compete for tips. All proceeds to HLDP. Find out who wins the gold plate award for best service and most tips. 7 p.m. at Westward Look. Adm. charge. Reservations, 323-7625.

Cycle Mania

May 7, 8

Pima Velo Club, The Good Earth and Fairwheel Bikes sponsor the 3rd annual premier Tucson Bicycle Classic. Consists of 3 challenges attracting top licensed racers from all over the West. You don't have to be a hardcore cyclist to join, but you'd better be in good shape. Details, 884-5565 or 884-9018.

Tucson Friends of Traditional Music

May 7, 21

Step to a different beat and go contra dancing (no relation to south-of-the-border politics). Originated by colonists, the dance has English, Irish and Scottish roots. There's a half-hour instructional before dancetime begins. Git your feet flying and your mouth smiling to lively jigs, reels, polkas and waltzes. May 7, Lohse YMCA, 516 N. 5th Ave. at 7:30 p.m. May 21, Armory Park Recreation Center, 22 S. 5th Ave. at 8 p.m. TFTM members \$2; non-members \$3. Info, 881-7030.

Love Your Mom

May 8

The Tucson Botanical Gardens cordially invites all moms to be their guest today. Late spring flowers from their gardens will be given out. Take out the one who gave you life. 2150 N. Alvernon. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. Info, 326-9255.

Flash Flying

Closing May 8

Described as a cinema-360-degree film, "Flyers" fills the

planetarium with the sounds and sights of aerial stunt flying that only adrenaline junkies dare attempt. If you gag at heights, speed or the sensations of impending death, come prepared. In UA Flandrau Auditorium. Adm. \$3.50 adults; \$2.75 seniors, students, children. Info on times, 621-STAR.

A Day Off

May 10

She's been stuffing your stomach since you were knee high. Now it's your turn. Take mom out of town to an all-you-can-eat pancake, eggs, sausage breakfast in Willcox, AZ. 6-11 a.m. Adm. fee. Info, 1-384-2272.

The Nose Knows

May 10

Follow your nose for a special test of your tastebuds. The purpose? Hear Scotland's top Scotch expert and try your hand at blending "liquid gold." Arizona Inn (Safari and African Rooms) at 11:30 a.m. through lunch. Info, 624-0493.

Arts Genesis, Inc.

May 13

Richey Elementary School in Old Pascua Yaqui Village holds its annual fiesta with food, music, performances and visual arts display. Watch for the unusual dedication of two murals painted by 5th and 6th graders. 5:30-9 p.m. at 2209 North 15th Ave. Free. Info, 323-0185.

Smooth Ride

May 13-15

The Peruvian Paso Horse Show regional championships feature these beautiful beasts—known for their gentle dispositions and gait—at the Horseman's Park in Scottsdale. See riders holding full champagne glasses while guiding their steeds. First exported from Peru 25 years ago, the U.S. now has half the world population. Free. Details, 749-5101.

Opera Dames

May 14

The Tucson Opera Dames present their 2nd annual Candelite Ball to benefit the Arizona Opera Company. Featuring a cocktail hour, a gourmet seven-course dinner and dancing to the Tony Pellegrino Orchestra. The evening highlight is a silent auction—items donated by Tucson businesses. All proceeds enable the AOC to fund tickets so students can have the opportunity to learn more



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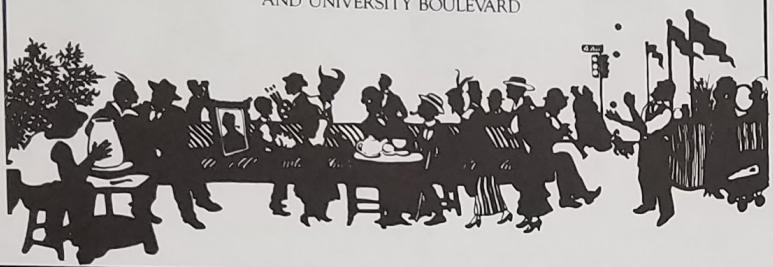
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WHERE TO HOWL

about opera. A black-tie affair. Hefty price tag—\$150 per couple, but a worthy cause. At Tucson National Resort & Spa. Info, 297-0447.

Urban Arts Festival

May 14, 15

Tucson/Pima Arts Council hosts the inaugural downtown arts weekend—celebrating local artists and signalling the beginning of the highly touted and publicized arts district. Multiple stages feature music, dance, performing arts, food and children's activities. Galleries will be open. See where we're (supposed to be) headed. Noon to sundown. Info, 795-1232.

Camp Registration

May 16

Sign-up time for summer classes in basketball, volleyball, gymnastics and fine arts camps sponsored by Tucson Parks and Recreation. Info, 791-4877.

Up, Up and Away

May 21

The Ormsby children's festival and kite competition for anyone under 18 years of age from 10 a.m.-12:20 p.m. at 899 W. 24th St. How high can you fly? Info, 791-4011.

Mud Puddle Party

May 21

Wade through a gigantic obstacle course of mud. Adults are ousted from this fun, only kids 6-13 allowed. Freedom Park from 8 a.m.-2 p.m. Adm. fee. Info, 791-4878 or 791-5132.

Worm Burner

May 21

Help grant a terminally ill child a wish. The 6th annual Worm Burner Invitational golf tournament at Rio Rico Country Club benefits the "Wish Upon A Star" foundation. Golf positions fill rapidly, so call early. A chance to have fun while being a do-gooder. Info, 292-0655.

Oracle Festival

May 21, 22

Third annual Oaks Festival features a parade, fine arts show and sale, craft fair, swap meet, car show, 10k and fun run, calf roping and more. So whether you're a redneck, a y-person, a dentist or factory worker, there's gotta be something you'll like. Info, 1-896-9844.

Bisbee Fine Arts Festival

May 21-30

More than 180 pieces of fine art in every medium imagin-

able will deck the walls of Bisbee's Convention Center in this juried Arizona-artists-only competition. Free. Times and directions, call 1-432-2141 or 1-432-3397.

Charity Golf

May 27

The UA Alumni Club plays their 5th annual golf tournament at Star Pass. Proceeds from the event provide scholarships for local high school seniors entering the UA. \$100 includes green fees and cart, golf shirt and buffet dinner following the tourney. 258 S. Players Club Dr. Further info, 881-1700.

Vanishing Wildlife

May 28-30

Joan Embrey, animal expert and conservationist, presents a slide show on the curious lives of animals she's worked with. A veteran of the talk show circuit, Embrey's kibitzed with Carson, Griffith, PM Magazine, Wild Kingdom and Good Morning America. Held at Old Tucson. Adm. charge. Specifics, 883-0100.

A Memorial Run

May 31

Four-hundred-plus runners converge at Jesse Owens Park to start the sixth annual 8K memorial run and 2-mile fun run, sponsored by the Southern Arizona Road Runners Club. Fee: \$7-\$12. Further info, 744-6256.

Sunday Jazz Afternoons

Through May

Hang out at an elegant party with friends or snuggle up alone and zone out on great jazz. A great way to wind down your weekend. Free at Westward Look Resort. Info, 629-0111.

Women and Wheels

Through May

"The Lady Takes the Wheel: Arizona Women on the Road" is the Arizona Historical Society's newest exhibit, a photo essay on women and cars from the turn of the century through the '50s. See how images were used not only to promote the idea of women driving cars, but also to sell cars (to men). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Sunday, noon-4 p.m. Free. Info, 628-5774.

Tucson Toros

Through summer

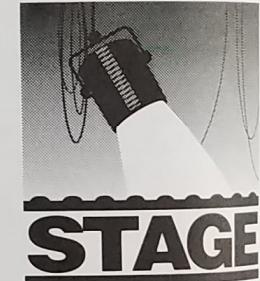
America's favorite beer and hot dog sport is back. The Tucson Toros will be playing 70 games at Hi Corbett field. Dates and times, 325-2621. Tickets: \$5 suggested donation; \$2 children 12 and under available at the door. May 2, 325-7709.

Park Fishing
Through summer
Tucson Parks and Recreation have loaded the lakes with catfish. Get out your pole, kick back and feel like Tom Sawyer for a day at Silverbell, Kennedy and Chuck Ford Lakeside Parks. Info, 791-4860.

UA Arizona State Museum

Through Feb. 1989

We're giving you plenty of time to haul yourself down to campus and check out this major exhibit. Entitled "Among the Western Apache: The Guenther and Goodwin Collections," the display includes a painting by critically acclaimed Apache artist Duke Wassaja Sine, an extensive array of Apache artifacts, from pots, woven baskets, rugs, crafts and ordinary utilitarian items generally overlooked by collectors. Historical documentation accompanies the artifacts and the span of time they cover—from 1860 through 1970. Info, 621-4895.



Classy Afternoon

May 1, 15

May 1, the trio of Jacqueline Sellers (horn), David Rife (violin), Lynn Haeseler (piano) perform music by Chabrier and Schumann; May 15, Christine Vivona (harp), Julie Neithamer (flute), Martha Gronemeir (violin) perform works by Telemann, Haydn and Faure. Wineworks in Crossroads Festival from 3-5 p.m. Limited seating. Tickets: \$12. Info, 795-9436

Southern Arizona Symphony Orchestra Association

May 1, 2

Pianist Lloyd Chapman joins our all-volunteer, 60-member orchestra for Saint-Saens' Piano Concerto No. 4, Op. 44. The program concludes with Beethoven's Symphony No. 6 in F, Op. 68 ("Pastoral"). Alan Schultz conducts at 3 p.m. St. Gregory's High School (tentative at presstime). Tickets: \$5 suggested donation; \$2 children 12 and under available at the door. May 2, 325-7709.

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**Experimental Puppet Theater
Kearny, Arizona
May 6**

R. Carlos Nakai and the Great Arizona Puppet Theater will present a free performance of "Swift Lands and the Forbidden Mountain" at 7:30 p.m. in the Ray School auditorium. Info, 363-5861.

**Jazz Sunday XI
May 8**

Featuring local and national jazz musicians. At presstime no knowledge of who's strumming or singing but a sure bet for a good time. Bring your blanket and basket of edibles. Reid Park. Free. Info, 791-4079.

**Music for Moms
May 8**

The Arizona Recital Singers, directed by Dennis Bouner, present a concert honoring moms everywhere. Free, 2 p.m. at the Tucson Museum of Art, Plaza of the Pioneers.

**St. Philip's Spring Concerts
May 8, 14, 21, 28**

They're loading this outside mall with spring music: May 8, John Denman Quartet in a Mother's Day jazz concert; May 14, The Tucson Civic Orchestra fills the air with popular tunes; May 21, Jazzberry Jam performs concert jazz, Dixieland and swing; May 28, local legend Ned Sutton performs the first set and George Hawke and the Cary Grants perform originals in the second. 7:30-9:30 p.m. except May. 28, 7:30-10:30 p.m. Free in the courtyard at St. Philip's Plaza, River and Campbell. Info, 299-6578.

**Tucson Masterworks Chorale
May 9**

Under the direction of Alan Schultz, the Chorale's spring concert will be held at 7:30 p.m. in the Unitarian Universalist Church, 4831 E. 22nd St. Details, 293-SONG.

**a.k.a. theatre co.
Through May 14**

Terence McNally's "Things That Go Bump in the Night" is an exercise in futuristic sadism. Tickets \$6 or \$5 with a picture of your favorite diva. Expect the unexpected. 125 E. Congress. Curtain 8 p.m. Info, 623-7852.

**Starlit Nights
May 15, 22, 29**

Kick back, bring a blanket and a friend and drift off to the sounds of the Tucson Pops orchestra at 7:30 p.m. De-Meester outdoor performance center in Reid Park. Info, 791-4079.

**"Jacques Brel is Alive And Well and Living in Paris"
May 18-June 5**

The music and lyrics of Jacques Brel cut through the range of human emotions and they'll make you glad you're alive and well and living in the Old Pueblo. Production conception, English lyrics and additional material by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman by the Invisible Theatre. May 22 & 29 matinees at 2 p.m. Curtain, 8 p.m. Tickets, \$9 general; \$8 students & seniors. 1400 N. 1st Ave. 882-9721.

**Light Musicals
May 19-29**

Saloc goes back in time with "Camelot," a Broadway musical based on King Arthur, Sir Lancelot, Queen Guinevere and the knights of the round table—back when you knew a good guy from a bad one. Curtain, 8 p.m. in TCC Music Hall. Ticket range \$15-\$8. Info, 323-7888 or 884-1212.

**Freedom-Arizona
Play Festival
May 31**

The Invisible Theatre celebrates the Bicentennial of the Constitution, featuring one-act plays centering on the theme of freedom. Winners of the theater's '87 New Play Contest for Arizona Playwrights perform staged readings with script in hand and minimal props. May 31, "Pappy on the Bus" by Simon Strange, directed by Laura Kopcik and Susan Claassen. Tickets: \$3 general; \$2 season subscribers. Curtain, 8 p.m. 1400 N. 1st Ave. 882-9721.

**Arizona Theatre Company
Through May 21**

The Artistic Staff of ATC present an original musical based on the works of Studs Terkel. Oral histories of the American experience from the '30s-'80s set to rich music from the past sixty years. A rousing celebration. TCC Little Theater. Ticket info, 622-2823.

**Tucson Jazz Society
May 29 through July**

Summerset Suite 88 opens weekly jazz concerts to be held every Friday through July at 7 p.m. at TMA's Plaza of the Pioneers. No tricked up sounds, just straight-ahead great music. Don't miss. Adm. charge. Info, 624-2463.

**Gaslight Theatre
Through June 11**

Tentatively titled "Fighting G-Men or Gangsters Away," a spoof on the Prohibition-type

gangster. Think of Cagney in a comedy mish-mash with a dose of slapstick. 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd. Times and ticket info, 886-9428.



**Amerind Foundation
Through May**

An exhibit of Hopi works on paper, emphasizing watercolors of the Old West. Includes Otis Polelonema, who began the Hopi watercolor tradition in the '20s.

Through May

"Navajo Ways" displays the arts and crafts of the Navajo tribe, featuring objects from the Amerind permanent collection. Included are textiles, silverwork, ceramics and watercolors. It's a mixed bag; most of the stuff on view dates back some decades. Adm. charge. Open daily 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Located 65 miles east of Tucson in Dragoon. Info on directions, 1-586-3666.

**Ann Original Gallery
Closing May 14**

Representational watercolors by Tucson's Joan Shaw and Jean Richards.

Opening May 16-June 25

"Good Things in Small Frames," the 2nd annual miniature show. All subjects and media are included. Come be a judge in the people's choice award. Reception May 19 from 5-8 p.m. Wine and hors d'oeuvres will improve your eyesight. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 'til 5 p.m. 4811 E. Grant Rd., Suite 153, Crossroads Festival. 323-0266.

Art Network

Representing Luis Jimenez, Luis Carlos Bernal, Santiago Vaca, Fernando Joffory, Alfred Quiroz, Cristina Cardenas. Plus "wearable art", avant-garde bola ties, jewelry and gonzo T-shirts with social comments and more. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat., 8-10 p.m. 624-7005.

**Center for
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May 1-19**

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greats. Ansel Adams, Walker Evans, Barbara Morgan and Edward Weston depict how artists began looking to this nation, instead of foreign cultures, for inspiration. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., noon-5 p.m. 843 E. University Blvd. 621-7968.

Davis Gallery
Through May 28

Featuring contemporary painting and works on paper by regional artists. Pastels and monoprints by Christina Hall-Strauss and monoprints by Phil Lichtenhan. Tues.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 6812 N. Oracle Rd. 297-1427.

Dinnerware Cooperative
Through May 22

Classy and colorful paintings by Judith D'Agostino.

Opening May 24-June 19

Third annual juried exhibition features work in all media from artists living in Arizona, California, New Mexico, Colorado, Nevada and Utah. Reception, May 28, 7-9 p.m. A lively show. 135 E. Congress St. Hours, noon-5 p.m., Tues.-Sat. 1-4 p.m., Sun. Info, 792-4503.

El Presidio Gallery, Inc.
May 1-May 11

Husband and wife Lawrence Lee and Mary Wyant exhibit paintings of contemporary Southwest images, from haunting ruinescapes to serene pueblo scenes. Reception, May 1 from 2-4 p.m. 182 N. Court Ave. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-4 p.m. 884-7379.

Eleanor Jeck Galleries
Through May

New ceramics by Bobby Medford and recent prints by Papart, Tobiasse, Coignard and Rizzi. 6336 E. Broadway (El Mercado) Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Info, 790-8333.

Etherton Gallery
Through June 4

Entitled "Three Tucson Artists," Cynthia Miller, Linda Fry Poverman and Michael Berman display varied works on paper. A grab bag of multi-media surprises. Wed.-Sat., noon-5 p.m. Thur. 'til 7 p.m. 424 E. 6th St. 624-7370.

Galeria Anita

Primitive paintings in a bright southwestern style and sculpture by Frank Franklin, and marionettes by Anna. A vari-

ety of Mexican imports. They'll let you look (and buy) at their downtown studio, but by appointment only. 825 N. Anita. Info, 792-0777.

National Light Gallery
of Photography

Large color photographs featuring long time exposures. You know, like 300 lightning bolts in one shot. All work by Cara Cupito, except for occasional shows by other artists. Sat. and Sun., noon-4 p.m. and by appt. Mon.-Fri. 309 E. Congress St. 623-7825.

Oasis Gallery

Through July 4

The season's changed and so have their artists for the spring show. A. Gabaldon's copper figurative sculptures and Myrna Goetz's acrylic abstract paintings. Part of the Tucson Community Cable Corporation. 124 E. Broadway. Tues.-Sat., 1-10 p.m. Sun., noon-8 p.m. 624-9833.

Obsidian Gallery

Closing May 7

Barbara Kennedy's vivid 3-D, colored paper art and George Tomkins earthenware vessels in (soon to be adopted as the

official colors of the state) earthy pinks and grays. **Opening May 15-31** Tucsonans Leah Wingfield's and Kelly McClain's hand-blown and cast glassworks, 4340 N. Campbell, Suite 90, Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 577-3598.

Mary Peachin's Art Company
Through May

Featuring the monoprints of Stuart Ashman and Dan Emerson. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 5350 E. Broadway (in Williams Centre). 747-1345.

Murphy Gallery

May 1-June 2

Watercolor abstractions by Kathi Doudnik and Carol Lavoie. Reception, May 1, 2-4 p.m. St. Philip's in The Hills. Campbell & River. Hours, Sun., Tues. and Thurs. 2-4 p.m. Info, 299-6421.

Old Pueblo Museum

May 11-July 10

It was 500 years ago that artist and scientist Leonardo da Vinci conceived of a car, a helicopter and a military tank. Working models of these vehicles are on view, based on

They enter garden. Happiness is dancing.

Joy: To find Happiness you have to work. I have built this road to work. (She points toward it.) You will find what you are seeking for at the end of it.

Joy goes out and Poverty and Wealth go toward road.

Enter Work. He is carrying bundle.

Wealth: What are you doing here?

Work: My name is Work and I am working for Happiness which may be found at the end of this road. You will meet my assistants, Farmer, Miner, Electrician, and Banker.

Curtain

Scene 3

Characters

Poverty

Wealth

Humanity

Butterfly

Place: In the garden

Enter Poverty and Wealth.

Wealth: I don't see why we couldn't catch the butterfly.

Happiness: without traveling such a long and tiresome road.

Enter the butterfly, followed by Humanity.

Humanity: I am Humanity. I have watched you on your long journey. I am greater than anything else in the world, and can give you Happiness if you will only follow my commandment.

Butterfly runs to him.

Humanity: I can give this priceless emblem to either of you, but it will be quite useless, for then the golden wings will fade and you will not have the great gift. That can be only when you both agree to receive it together.

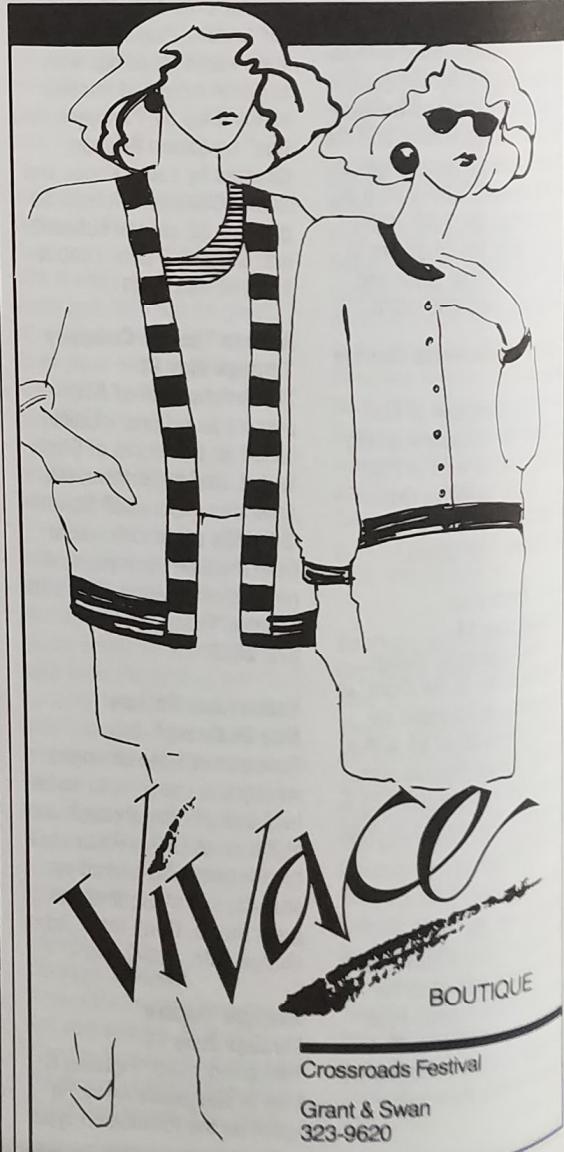
Wealth (turning to Poverty): Forgive me for all my unkindness.

Hand in hand they go to Humanity and receive the gift. They walk slowly out, the gift between them.

Humanity: It is well. If the greater powers of Poverty and Wealth would like these children, accept my gifts of Happiness together, then would they, too, reach the summit and find that for which they have been struggling selfishly through all the ages.



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sketches and drawings of aeronautical, mechanical and hydraulic devices found in Da Vinci's notebooks. See how far ahead of his time he was. Sponsored by IBM. At Foot-hills Mall. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sun., noon-5 p.m. Free. 742-7191.

**Beth O'Donnell Gallery, Ltd.
Closing May 14**

Entitled "The New, New Mexican West." Russell Hamilton and Angus Macpherson from Albuquerque exhibit their visionary versions of the Southwest.

Opening May 17-28

Taos painter, Dan Vigil takes a collage approach to both his acrylics and monoprints, including dogs and palm trees, against patterned or plain areas of vivid color. St. Philip's Plaza, River and Campbell, Suite 64. Tues.-Sat. 11 a.m.-6 p.m. 299-6998.

Philabaum Gallery & Studios

Watch cheeks bloat and blow beautiful figurines, balls, and sculptures in glass. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 711 S. 6th Ave. 884-7404.

**Pima Community College
Closing May 4**

Last chance to gawk at the annual student exhibit, a potpourri of artwork including watercolors, woodprints, mono-prints, photos, charcoal, et al. Great place to spot up-'n'-coming talent. Pima Community College Student Center, 2202 W. Anklam Rd. Mon.-Thurs., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri., 9 a.m.-4 p.m. 884-6975.

Rosequist Galleries

Fine contemporary Southwest art, traditional and innovative, by a rotation of gallery artists—over 7,500 square feet of visual feast. Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 1615 E. Fort Lowell Rd. 327-5729.

**Saguaro Gallery
May 15-June 15**

They're hosting the Southwestern League of Fine Arts—a juried show with 20 artists displaying oils, pastels, batik, photography and mixed media. Reception May 15 from 2-6 p.m. Tues.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 11050 E. Tanque Verde. 749-2152.

Sanders Galleries

Exhibits by western artists Richard Iams, Don Jaramillo, Doug Ricks and Doyle Shaw. 6420 N. Campbell Ave. 299-1763. Hours, Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Showing at the Westin La Paloma branch

gallery are new works by Gayle Nason and Greg Wallace and other regional artists. They specialize in western art. 3300 E. Sunrise. 577-5820. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

Settlers West

An exhibit devoted to the American West, featuring representational portraits, landscapes, wildlife art, sculpture, et al. by 36-plus nationally acclaimed artists, including Ken Riley, Tom Hill, R. M. Stubbs, Duane Bryers, Jim Reynolds and others. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 6420 N. Campbell Ave. 299-2607.

**State Capitol
Through May**

Forget politics for a day and visit the State Capitol's West Wing Gallery for the exhibit "Bypassed Places: Route 66"—b&w photos by Tucsonan Cy Lehrer, who captured the look of what's left of the famous roadway. Info, 795-4419.

**Tohono Chul Park
Through May 31**

An exhibition emphasizing new trends in Navajo painting, as well as demonstrations (call for specific times) and displays of weaving and jewelry. Daily, 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m. 7366 N. Paseo del Norte. Adm. charge. 742-6455.

**Tubac Center of The Arts
Through May 15**

Their spring member show. A sure bet you'll love some, be indifferent to some, hate some, be curious about some and try to understand some...but something will hit a nerve, so check out of town for a day and take the drive. Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Sun. 1:30-4:30 p.m. Free but donations accepted. Downtown Tubac—you can't miss it.

**Tucson Museum of Art
Through June 5**

TMA decks their walls with "The James G. Davis Retrospective." Hailed as one of the foremost artists in Arizona,

Davis' new-image paintings are figurative in style, not quite abstract, but hardly surrealistic. Davis has received national attention and recently was added to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the National Gallery of Art in Washington and others. Pop downtown and see for yourself. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-5 p.m. Adm. charge. 624-2333.

**Arizona State Museum
Through Aug. '88**

"Building for a Century: Historic Architecture at the University of Arizona." Every picture tells the story of the rampant development and growth of our university. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 2-5 p.m. Free. Info, 621-6302.

**UA Hall of Fame Gallery
Through May 13**

Don't miss UA's Women's Center annual art competition—it's sure to have a feminist touch. Regular Student Union bldg. hours. 621-3546.

**UA Museum of Art
Closing May 8**

The annual group exhibition of multi-media work by candidates for the masters of fine arts degree. Support these students or they might end up driving cabs.

Opening May 20-July 3

"Art Across America: Teachers and Their Students." A study in influence featuring 2-dimensional paintings, murals, sculpture, drawings et al. by college art teachers and their students. Works include colleges from out of state.

Opening May 20-July 3

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Members of "The Host"

Photo by Scott Garber

THE CELTIC UNDERGROUND

BY MOLLY MCKASSON

It may be a closely kept secret, but let me tell you, Celtic believers have infiltrated our upland desert and are taking converts. From a sleepy lane in Winterhaven to the Ward One City Council office, they practice ancient, magical arts, determined to keep alive one of the earth's oldest oral traditions. For reasons mysterious as the megaliths on the Salisbury Plain, the prehistoric culture of the wee dark people is thriving in Tucson, with nary a natural loch, slough or emerald hummock in sight.

Perhaps the first seeds fell two centuries ago, when Col. Hugo O'Conor—the Irish revolutionary who fled English persecution to command Spain's New World army—signed our Presidio into existence. Roots could have penetrated deeper into the caliche a hundred years later when immigrants from the strangled isles went underground in this territory, digging for copper and silver. Surely these were watered when male victims of the potato famine, seeking citizenship, were sent south of the border to avenge the Alamo—and, recognizing they'd become part of the same oppression that drove them from home, they switched sides and sacrificed their lives as the San Patricio Brigade. And finally, I don't

need scientific approval to know that the Hopi snakes and the Celtic serpents slither from the same regenerative sinkhole of life.

Much as I love folklore, what enthralls me about this movement is a rejuvenation of those deeper roots which bind us together as the grass does the earth. Not a spacey New Age Consciousness, but something hearty and rich. For thousands of years the Celts have celebrated in song, dance and magical tales, the values which so many of us terminally semi-native, culturally-starved, polyglot humanists are seeking today.

Endless sacrifices of blood and desire have been made by the Celtic people to keep the sweaty hands of Caesar, Locke and Margaret Thatcher off what is beautiful, free and in balance with the Earth. At no small cost, Celtic culture stands as one of the lone white cultures still remembering its tribal roots.

Ever a wandering people of myriad confluent blood lines, Celtic culture—especially the music—echoes with strains from far-flung civilizations. It's this that hooks us and makes us believe we don't have to be Celtic to be Celtic. I doubt if even half the local Celtophiles can trace their genes back to the Isles. For most, Celtland is a place in the heart. There

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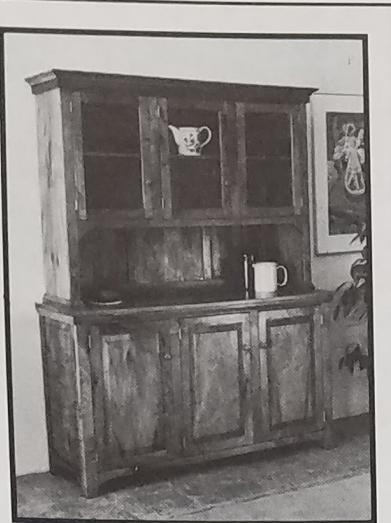


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are hundreds of Celtic romances in the Naked Pueblo, each one a story, but we reserve the following four to make our tale.

Until recently, most feminists thought any woman who talked Goddess and Ancient Matriarchy was kooky. It certainly wasn't the sort of thing that looked good on a resume. The environmental and peace movements helped change that. Still, few feminists, or anyone else, will ever read Evangeline Walton—an eighty-year-old woman who has been writing about Celtic origins of feminism and the interweaving of female sexuality, spirituality and power for forty years out of her Water Street house. Robert Graves thought so much of her fantasies, based on the Celtic Welsh legends known as "the Four Branches of the Mabinogian," that he sent her an early draft of *The White Goddess*. She also is Stevie Nicks' favorite. So my friend Jerry Savage took me, and his new Irish harp, to visit this desert voice.

"Matriarchy and Goddess have been the consuming thing in my work," she announces. "By not losing the oral tradition, Celtic stories have kept their magic. They're about a time when we were free...sometimes it's lost on people, this rather circular advance of the human spirit.... The matriarchy was egalitarian, no women knocking men around. It seemed like once this time did exist."

Savage, our Sonoran Bard, strums "Give Me Your Hand," and I silently wonder that this long-ailing priestess could've written the *Song of Rhianon*—in the style of a Hemingway who finally stepped into the Faerie Land and fulfilled his feminine side. Truth rushes brand new from her mouth, while she slowly but surely goes out of print.

Duane Norman has read some of the Four Branches thanks to Evangeline Walton. Along with Odin, Melvin and Spyder, he makes up a Celtic group called The Host. Their combined ages nearly equal Ms. Walton's. I met Duane singing his own version of "Fortune My Foe" in front of Leo's folkshop on 4th Avenue. I'd come to admire Leo's smooth-as-river-stone Irish harps, but secretly I was looking for Duane.

"The old songs are really cool, 'cause when you play something 500 years old, it strikes a familiar chord," Duane explains. He and The Host have been plumbing archetypes for a few years hoping to find role models besides Beckett's Vladimir and Estrogen. For a while they embodied Norse myths, until the Savage Bard turned them on to the Tuatha Dedanaan, the Faerie People of the Goddess. "I used

ARTS

to identify with Freer but he was doomed to burn. Now I try to embody the spirit of Manonon who came down from the north to live under the Ninth Wave in the Irish sea.... Maybe this dude is Freer who slipped his fate! Both dudes are beautiful! They gave up their weapons to save the Earth. I want to do what I can." We have myths, therefore we are.

Scott Egan knows that this is not a time of swords, but of guns and bombs. Amid the explosions, his ear is ever-tuned to the beauty of Celtic music—from the Chieftains to The Host—to the poetry of the old Bards and the newer Bobbi Sands. But underlying all, he hears the cry of freedom for Northern Ireland and victory for the IRA. That wee little acronym makes Scott Egan the fly in the Celtic ointment around here. The Irish community doesn't want the Highland Games, St. Paddy's Day Parade or step-dancing contests ringing with terrorists associations (though all agree the English have been bastards in Ireland). Yet even as they damn him for muddying the beautiful Celtic dream with his revolutionary politics, there is a hushed tone in the voices. For Egan represents one of the oldest Celtic archetypes in Ireland—that of the Liberator/Poet.

One late February afternoon, with the sweet Gaelic of "Moving Hearts" haunting the bureaucratic crannies of City Councilman Bruce Wheeler's office, we talked about being harassed by the FBI, revitalizing indigenous culture, and the saving grace of the harp. Besides facilitating the Irish Forum and the Irish show on KXCI, Egan is an artist whose work spirals out of an ache for justice, here as well as in Belfast. He works as much to keep the Spanish language alive as the Gaelic. One look at his El Pueblo Center mural, with Che Guevara amid starry ploughs, shamrocks and rising phoenixes, tells all on him. He's at once the embodiment of both a romantic myth and a living wound. He has been part of the struggle in Vietnam, Nicaragua and Northern Ireland, and like a true Bard, will not let us forget: "For me to identify with the Celts is to identify with a people who have been oppressed for 800 years, economically, culturally, politically. To deny an aspect is to deny the whole picture." I think Scott Egan will not destroy the Celtic underground, but keep it from ever dissolving into an endless chorus of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

There's nothing controversial about Robert Baker and the Seven Pipers. For two years, Baker's "adopted" Scottish culture has been this Major Piper's joy, much to the enrichment of our Basin. Twice he has "stood the

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test" of his Celtic mettle, as piper and country dancer, and both times the St. Andrews keepers of the ancient cultural keys have counted him worthy to teach and carry the traditions abroad. The Seven Pipers have done just that, though maybe half of them have nary a drop of the Old Blood. They're as fiercely committed to avoiding politics as Egan is to embracing conflicts. "We're a joyous extended family that moves on parties," he beams. Dressing in old kilts and making ancient music and dance to

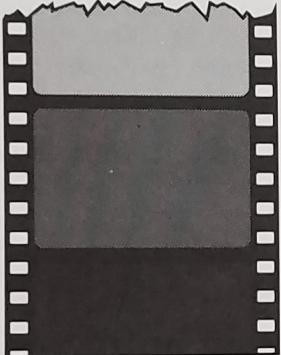
gether may seem like escapism to some, but it's the heart of real community. And a culture must first be this if it is to live on.

There are dozens more Celtic tales in town. Silence now means more to come. If you're still doubtful about this flowering underground, find out which Friday they'll be jamming at the Harp and Shamrock, and be there for pipers, harps carved from mesquite, and a romance that seems to know no end. □

REEL LIFE

Should the UA kill its film collection?

BY ROBERT C. BAIRD



Visiting a hospital during the Civil War, Lillian Gish walks among the wounded looking for a loved one. As she passes a guard his eyes grow large and his head tilts as though he has found his true love. (Gestures mean everything because this is a silent movie.) When Gish turns around to face him, he washes the look from his face. The moonstruck sentry is the most charming moment in D.W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation."

In animation the red giant stoops and cries on the beach. He has failed in his attempt to be friends with the Japanese fisherman. He is bitter and curses the fickle race of ants. His friend, the blue giant, bends and puts his arm around him. He tells him the secret that giving is what makes friendships work. The "Crying Red Giant" stops crying.

Lyndon Baines Johnson runs his large hands through his thinning hair and talks with Walter Cronkite about Vietnam and the failure of his Great Society. He says he has come back to Texas to rest. In ten days he will be dead. "The Last Interview" contains his final words before the camera.

Three moments among the thousands contained in the University of Arizona film library—a collection in jeopardy, entangled in a debate based on economy and technology.

The film library, which until recently has been among the top ten college and university collections in the country, has become an unwanted child. William Noyes, the university vice president in charge of the collec-

tion, says, "I think the story of the film library here is really simple. There is a technology that is dying and how do you grapple with that in a university setting that doesn't ever give up anything?"

Anyone who walks into a video rental store sees the technological revolution. Compared to film, video is cheap, easy to handle and offers a large selection. On the other hand, video does not have the quality of film, it wears out fast and there is still no universal system for playing it back. For some, the cost of maintaining film is the issue. For many, it comes down to the experience of viewing—the little box or the big screen.

The trouble at the UA film library begins with the university's buzzword standard: "The Mission." Originally established in 1918 to lend films to public schools, groups and faculty, the library will be out of the rental business as of June 1. Rentals are no longer perceived as part of "The Mission."

There also is a war of personalities. Former library co-ordinator Katherine Holsinger, long associated with the collection, resigned in January and began legal action against the university.

Holsinger is a quiet, self-effacing woman with an obsessive knowledge and love of films. It gives her an aura some would call eccentric. For Holsinger, the library story begins in 1963, the year she was hired. Then the library had 2,000 different film titles and 3,000 prints of those titles, cover-



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ing 22,800 subjects. Through the years she worked with the library as a secretary, bookkeeper and finally director. In 1979, the Radio/TV Film Bureau and the Bureau of Audio Visual Services were merged to form the Division of Media and Instructional Services. Holsinger was promoted to a department head as film library co-ordinator.

The collection was rich in both educational and entertainment value. In the documentary section there was captured Japanese footage of the bombing of Pearl Harbor and captured German footage of Werner Von Braun inspecting V-2 sites. There were films of Arizona made in the 1920s, before development overwhelmed the land. Films on science and nature abounded. There was a health and beauty series from the forties modestly referred to as "Glorifying the American Girl." Those Encyclopedia Britannica and Cornet films that were staples of American public school education—but now are being replaced by video tapes in many schools—were there in force. There were also more adult films, including "Trouble With the Law," "Marijuana," "The Great Escape" and "What About Sex?" In films made solely for entertainment the collection held many silent and foreign films. How much remains today of what was listed in the 1981 catalog—the last major listing—is unclear.

Gifts have played a large part in building the collection. One notable example is a bequest from the personal collection of Jane and Arthur Loew. Loew was a producer/financier with Adolph Zukor and MGM. Among their gift of fifteen films were Loew's personal prints of "Gigi," "Gone With the Wind" and "An American in Paris." The newest acquisitions in the collection are from 1987. The oldest, probably from 1912.

Official support for the library waned in the 1980s. In January 1987, Katherine Holsinger got a proposal to send the film library to ASU and its film co-operative. The co-op is much smaller and has, unlike the UA flat rental charge, membership fees that many cannot afford. When she balked, the proposal was quashed.

To Noyes, cost is a major obstacle to maintaining the collection. But, according to Holsinger, the film library was put in a financial catch-22. Originally, university money for the collection was threatened because UA faculty members—who could use the films free—were not the major users. Mostly the films were rented for a fee to school districts. Gradually, however, the faculty did become the major patron, revenues went down and funds were threatened again, this time because the film library wasn't making enough money.

Katherine Holsinger reported to seven different people in less than seven years. She says she was given continually conflicting directions, and was encouraged in not-so-subtle ways to retire.

"If they feel the film library is such a financial burden to the university, why can't they have the courage to come forth and say I don't believe this is the way it should be?" she asks. "We are going to go away with the film library and we are going to go into this new field of video. Say it in the open. What will be said is that I did not understand the mission. And I can tell you they would be right. I was never told the mission."

The films now reside somewhere in the UA Main Library. To endure, film needs to be kept cool and dry. If this collection is not, the film library may literally disappear and settle the conflict itself.

Robert C. Baird is a free-lance writer living in Tucson.



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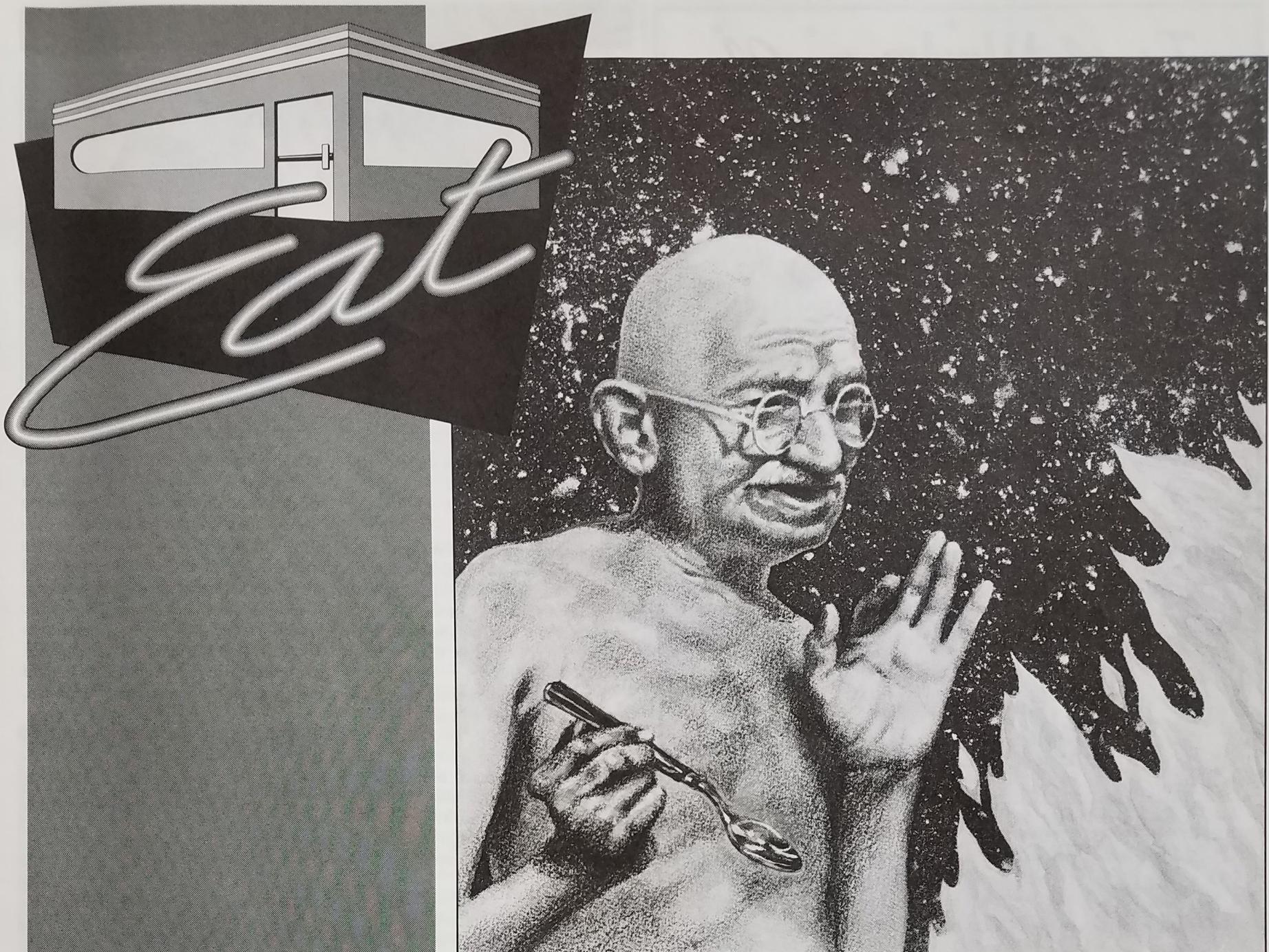


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GUNGA DINER

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

"Everything on our plates is the color of fire," observes Patty, my wife. "I think that portends something."

No doubt it does. We're at the Delhi Palace, Tucson's new (and only) Indian restaurant, and we're about to eat a lunch that looks like a blurry videotape of the latest Hawaiian volcano eruption. Our lamb *vindaloo* is a deep, wet, malevolent crimson, a chunky river of molten lava. Our *aloo matar*, a dish of potatoes, peas and pureed tomatoes, is orange, like the flames of the villages in the lava's wake. Our rice, seasoned with turmeric or possibly saffron, is the yellow of the scorching midday sun.

We overhear a man at a nearby table ask his waiter, "Indians normally eat it much spicier than this, don't they?" "Yes," the waiter answers, and both he and the white-skinned folk at the table laugh good-naturedly. There's a cultural and culinary barrier there that won't be breached.

But not at our table. We've ordered all our dishes "extremely spicy." At any respectable Indian

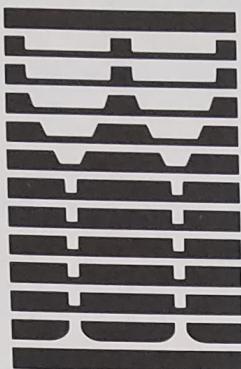
restaurant, this is tantamount to saying, "Sure, I get along with cobras." The chefs correctly take it not as a challenge, nor as braggadocio, but as a simple indication that these diners know what they like and know what they're doing. They will not try to kill us, but to satisfy us.

And this one does. Lordy, he does. The lamb is moist and as tender as pastry, with a hint of a smoky flavor. The fact that our taste buds have to blast through a hoop of fire to get there does not detract. Same with the ferocious *aloo matar*, which at its heart is almost sweet. And the rice, despite its color, isn't hot; it's a gentle foil to the aggressive complexity of the main dishes. And on the side is a tray of garlic *naan*, a fluffy leavened bread spiked with cilantro and toasted garlic. More strong flavor, yes, but the browned garlic is almost nutlike.

After lunch we waddle, ecstatic, out of Delhi Palace (which, by the way, is named rather optimistically; it's thirteen tables in an East Side strip shopping center). We're breathing fire; our tongues will tingle for five or six hours. I ask, "What do you

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"An eight," I agree.

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Many misunderstand this passion. A friend once told me, "You can't possibly have any feeling left in your mouth, throat, stomach or (anatomical expletive deleted)." Another commented, "Cheek is the only person I know who thinks eating is a contact sport."

They don't understand. They think hotness is something that *destroys* flavor. The key is to understand that it is a flavor.

This is just a theory, and maybe a weird one, but I think all human beings' taste receptors work the same. A Des Moines grandmother and a Delhi chef feel the same sensations on their palates when they encounter a mint-and-chile chutney. Yet one reacts in horror; the other in pleasure. What's different is the way in which each one's brain interprets this rush of neurons. And that interpretation is the result of a whole library of cultural conditioning.

Join me out on this limb, if just for a moment. Historically, the dominant culture in this country has been Anglo/Germanic/Scandinavian. We are people who prize logic, reason and reserve over adventure. We are—forgive me—essentially bland. We have the lowest speed limits in the industrialized world, in the name of safety. We have accepted *USA Today* as our national newspaper. Here at home, for pete's sake, we elected a governor who doesn't even believe in iced tea.

At some level, I suspect, we bland folk equate hot food with adventur-

ism, recklessness, danger or even illicit activity. We're puritans, and it's a drug whose effects may not be wholly predictable. We're cool and conservative, and food at the top end of the hotness scale—the eights, nines and tens—sometimes causes embarrassing reactions: profuse sweating, orgasmic war whoops. And we're prosperous and post-industrial, and aware that the hottest cuisines are the property of third-world cultures: Latin America,

It's terrific to have at least one restaurant in town that doesn't hold back when a diner demands hellfire and lava.

Ethiopia, India, Thailand, parts of China. If we fully buy into them, we're acknowledging our own cultural inferiority. So we tell them to hold the jalapeños, and serve us *their* food on our terms. Most of us, anyway.

I think Delhi Palace would be better if it didn't offer the choice ("mild, medium or spicy, sir?"). I think the chef should go with his instincts and let the gringos come around, however slowly. Of course this is a completely unrealistic and unbusinesslike point of view.

But meanwhile, it's terrific to have at least one restaurant in town that doesn't hold back when a diner demands hellfire and lava. I've noticed it's increasingly difficult to get Thai and Szechuan kitchens to fix us a decently inflammatory meal, and most of the Mexican salsas around here seem to have all the ferocity of cherry Cokes.

It's them, of course, not us. We still know a serrano pepper when we taste three.

FRANZI EATS WITH A FORK

How could he turn down a pear and brie quesadilla?

BY EMIL FRANZI

Besides food, I've been reviewing some of the laws our local pols like to pass—stuff like sign codes and zoning ordinances, stuff that some tree-huggers think really makes for a better place. Like the proposed buffer ordinance, which started out as an admirable attempt to keep high-density development away from our parks and monuments and ended up being a committee product of more than thirty pages of miscellaneous restrictions that tell you how big your dog can grow and which geek bureaucrat you have to spend hours satisfying before you go out and buy a Tuff-Shed.

There's an interesting fundamental principle in all this stuff that says this: It is OK to legislate aesthetics. You can pass laws for the "common good" based on what some people think is pretty. You can have the full power of the state enforce rules because some folks think one thing looks nicer than another. Period. Nothing to do with nuisances or hazards or health or safety or all the other usual justifications used when one group of people is telling another what their place has to look like.

Interesting rules. Maybe it's time us Rednecks got into the act. We got aesthetic values, too. And there's a helluva lot more of us than them artsy-craftsy suckers. How about we make everybody's place look like what *we* want?

I therefore propose, in the spirit of all those other petition drives, the 1988 Redneck Special Initiative on Beautification. Here's some excerpts:

PINK FLAMINGOS: minimum height, twenty-four inches; minimum, two in each back yard.

FENCES: only picket, barbed wire or chain link. Want something else, go beg a bureaucrat.

VELVET PAINTINGS: black background only. Minimum 18" x 36". Elvis or nude women. Consideration possible for Dr. Martin Luther King or one of the Kennedys, but must first apply for a variance with the board of adjustment.

AUTOMOBILES: no limitations on number of vehicles on blocks anywhere on property, EXCEPT no foreign-made vehicles with a sticker price over \$13,000 allowed.

FIREARMS: unlike Kennesaw,

Georgia, no mandatory ownership provision, as arming liberals and yuppies would be counterproductive and just raise gun prices for the rest of us. HOWEVER our attorneys are currently working on a provision to include mandatory NRA membership.

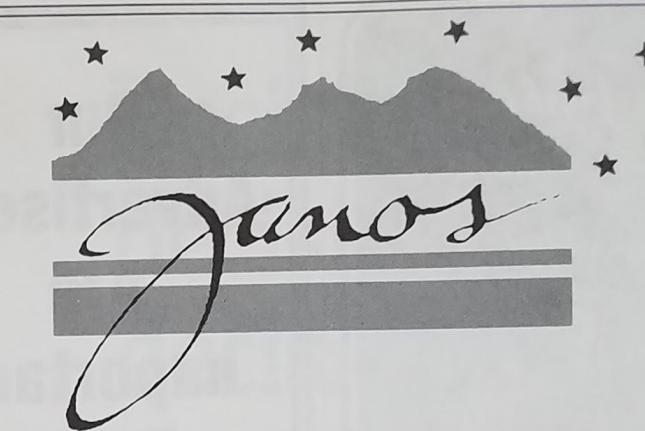
The adage about sauce for gooses and ganders applies.

Which brings us to the real subject of this essay. Speaking of goose sauce, I got a weird piece of mail this month from Phoebe Stein's PR shop, actually addressed to ME at *City Magazine*. A press release announced that Mi Casa had changed its name to Mi Casa Painted Desert, and that they weren't just another Mexican restaurant, but they "specialized in contemporary French dishes prepared with Southwestern verve." It touted items such as a pear and brie quesadilla and blue corn enchiladas with grilled scallops in a red pepper cream sauce. Contact person was Bitsy Irons at Phoebe's.

Now those of you who read this column gotta know I was puzzled. My instructions from Iggy are clear—I am not to go into any place that has a cloth napkin except under special circumstances. These spots are somebody else's beat. So I called Bitsy back to make sure this wasn't some sort of mistake.

Bitsy answered that yes, she sent me this puppy ON PURPOSE. I asked her if that wasn't a little like asking Joe Bob Briggs to review a Fellini movie. She brushed it back with an enthusiasm for her client and the quality of their food I found genuine. I had to ask her: how do you make a pear and brie quesadilla? Well, she admitted, it isn't really a quesadilla. Good, I said, El Minuto can sleep in peace. OK, if Crocodile Dundee could go to New York, then Franzi can go to Mi Casa Painted Desert.

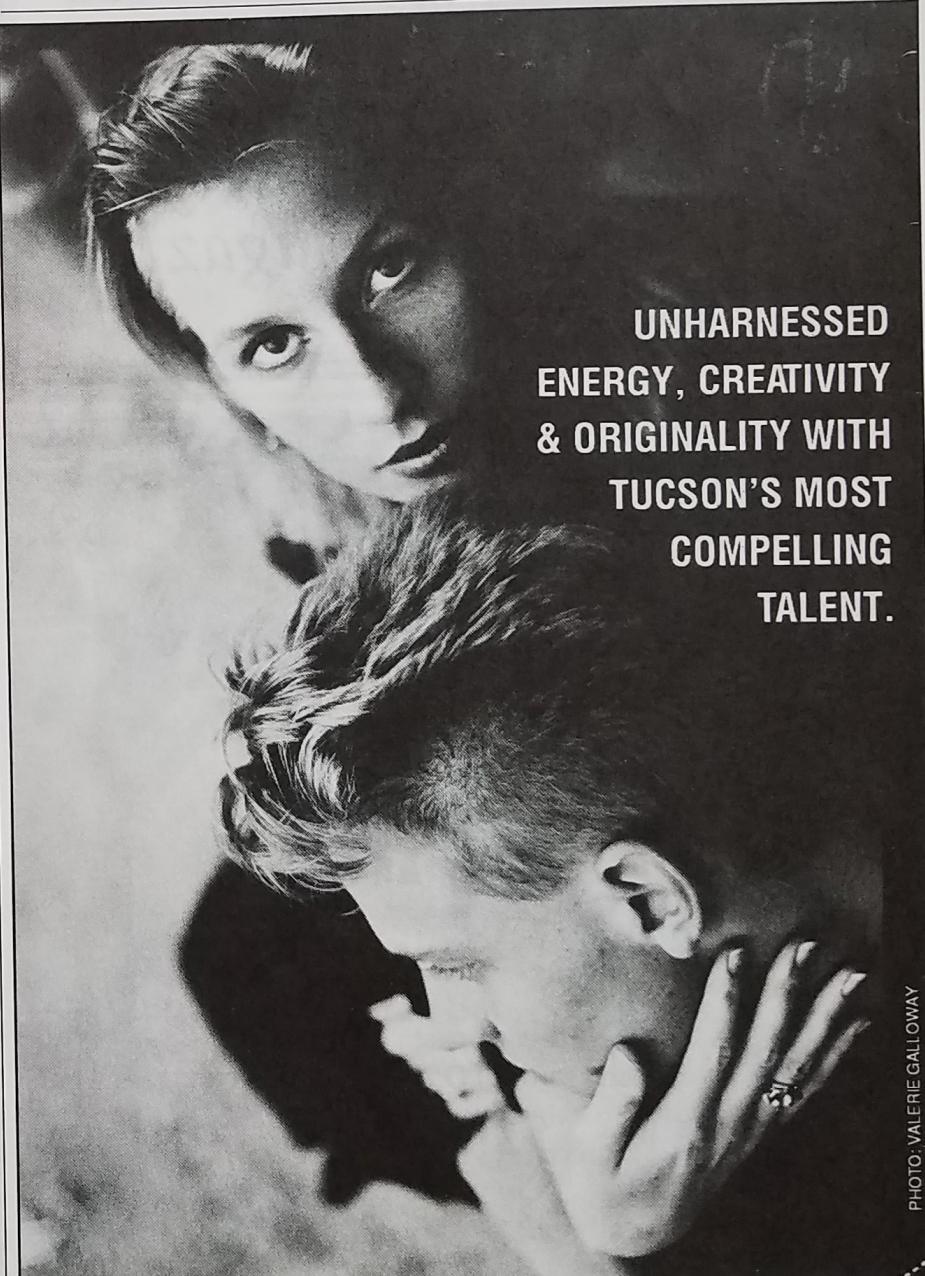
There was no way I could face this much culture shock alone. Hoping it wouldn't damage him too greatly with his redneck constituents if he got caught near the place, I asked Ed and Maddie Moore to go with me and my wife. County Supervisor Moore may be a college dropout, but it was the Sorbonne. And Maddie has more class than a showroom full of BMW customers. Besides, Ed's my wife's boss. I made reservations for four for a Satur-



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EAT

day night. (Recognize that most of the places I go to, you just walk in and sit down, like the Round-Up.)

Mi Casa is an older building surrounded by a new office park. We were seated, promptly, in the smoking section, which consists of the large backroom, windowed on three sides, adjacent to the patio. This section has an umbrella pole in the center of each round table, which we all found distracting as the person you're talking to appears to be on split-screen.

Our drink order was two white wine spritzers (yuppie Ripples) and Mexican beers for Ed and me. They carry only two brands—Simpatico and Negro Modelo, the latter the Mexican equivalent of Pearl and the former kinda wimpy for my tastes. They also bring you the soda pop bottle on a tray when you order a soft drink. During the course of the evening we had a minimum of six different people bringing stuff and taking it away.

But on to their greatest asset—the food. They were out of pear and brie quesadillas, so I ordered a blue corn tortilla with smoked chicken and Vermont cheddar from the appetizers.

Whatever else besides a salsa was on that tortilla, it was great. Ed detected a hint of bacon, and others, vinegar. Good start. As were the fresh, warm rolls served with sweet butter. The four entrees we selected were as

follows: swordfish with tequila and lime butter sauce; the blue corn enchilada mentioned above; a NY strip in a red wine butter sauce, and a charbroiled saddle of lamb pinot noir ancho chili. All were beautifully displayed and prepared. All came with a variety of four, maybe five, vegetables cooked simply and to perfection. The swordfish was magnificent and the sauce perfect. Both the steak and lamb were fork tender, pre-sliced, and their respective sauces delicate (beef) and spicy/nutty (lamb). The so-called enchilada would've worked just as well as a crepe, or on pasta, or with pita bread. It, too, was near greatness. The quality of the food at Mi Casa makes it well worth the visit.

But a little constructive advice from those of us in the past-forty age bracket. Your food is as good as anybody's in town. Try to back it up with a less nervous environment. Too many people flitting around destroy the relaxed atmosphere necessary for truly elegant dining. They all moved too quickly and were trying too hard—like the place had just opened. It hadn't. It's been there for over a year, though it has had its setbacks—from being mistaken as a strictly Mexican restaurant and from an off-the-track location. But when you pop about thirty bucks a head for dinner and accessories, you want the image of calmness, not hyperactivity. □

Nu REVUES

Los Mayas

4280 N. Campbell Ave.
St. Philip's Plaza

This is the place you may have been waiting for. The latest "Southwest Trends Restaurant" by executive chef Donna Nordin matches—even exceeds—the creative pizzazz of her acclaimed Café Terra Cotta. This time the cuisine is not of the New Southwest, but of Mexico—a Mexico of rich seas and a lush interior, extending far below Sonora.

This is a *nueva Mexico* Tucson has never before tasted. And for many of us, its unexpected ingredients, a la carte prices and emphasis on fine wines may take some getting used to—but only until we expand our conceptions of what "going out for Mexican food" can mean.

The originality and utter adventure of this menu will hit you the instant you open it, to find *pulpo marinera* (octopus in a tomato, onion and chile sauce), *pescado nac cam* (Yucatan-style fish steamed in banana leaves with achote), or *codornices jaliscienses* (quail sautéed in a chile puree, Jalisco style). But as we learned quickly with Terra Cotta: trust these people. They can take stuff you never heard of,

concoct challenging combinations—and usually leave you coveting their recipes.

Appetizers (\$3.95 to \$5.95) include lime-marinated fresh fish, crispy masa shells with a variety of fillings, and *pan de cazon* (stacked tortillas with shark, black beans and tomato sauce). Our editor, no slave to food fashions but one tasteless hombre, stumbled in for lunch on opening day in March and became Los Mayas' very first customer (God help them). He devoured the shark, nodded silent approval, then filled up on a dessert of *flan*. His only comment: too sweet in the syrup. (We happen to know he's been back to try and educate his Whataburger tastebuds.)

Another colleague has been more vocal in his reaction, suggesting that Los Mayas "sets new standards for guacamole in Tucson." For \$5.50, the appetizer is prepared tableside with fresh avocados peeled and mashed on the spot, then mixed with tomato, onion, jalapeño, cilantro and lime. Diners decide how much, or little, of these condiments should be added.

He also vouches for the dark, spicy turkey *mole* from Puebla; the casserole of shrimp, bell peppers, poblano chiles and melted *queso*, and the *puerco con piña*, a stew of pork, pineapple,

chile and pimento—"a bit heavy on the pineapple, almost Polynesian/Mexican, but enjoyable nevertheless."

Personally, I can recommend the *sopa de lima* (lime soup with chicken, fried tortilla strips, tomato and peppers)—very different from the equally fine tortilla soup at nearby Terra Cotta and the *sopa de elote* (corn and chiles in a thin vegetable broth with a dollop of sour cream). My entree of a whole quail—exquisite, I thought, in its tiny shape—arrived in a thick, dark red chile sauce. Somewhat less adventurous, my dinner partner blanched at such side dishes as "tortillas with hard-boiled-egg and pumpkin-seed sauce" and "cactus strips cooked with pasilla chiles." He settled on the *filete al chipotle* (grilled tenderloin with chipotle chile sauce and melted cheese), and was more than gratified by it. Entrees, ranging in price from \$10.95 to \$14.95, came with dense, chewy Mexican bread, a trio of salsas (red, green and fresca), black beans, and a fragrant rice. (Cilantro? Saffron? I can't quite remember, but it was very good.) Although the wine list was interesting, we went with high-quality margaritas from the full bar.

A heat-seeking freak not to be outdone by Larry "Melt My Tongue" Cheek, I lapped up not only the chile sauce under my quail, but all three salsas, and later woke up in the middle of the night desperate for water.

Decor is relaxed and quiet, not unlike Nogales' La Roca, with tile floors, dining rooms set up more for eating than for being seen (unlike most nouvelle restaurants) and blue and white Mexican china. Service has been slow and glitchy in our early visits, and dinner for two—with soup, entree and one drink apiece—came to more than \$40 with tip. But we definitely will be back—and we wouldn't be surprised if Los Mayas drew some national attention, once the guests at Tucson's foothills resorts get home and talk it up.

577-8222

—Hungry Heart.

Taco Azteca 1911 E. Grant

If Los Mayas is the high end of the invasion of the *nouvelle cuisine mexicaine*, Taco Azteca comes in at the other extreme—and very nicely, thank you. The menu is limited but the fare is extremely inexpensive and downright *sabroso*. Taco Azteca boasts of health-conscious preparation, with charbroiling and no deep-fat frying. Quesadillas, soft tacos, carne asada, birria and menudo all are specialties. The Birria Azteca is a brimming bowl of shredded beef with cabbage and spices, and it makes a hearty and enjoyable meal with tortillas. Beverages are soft drinks and iced tea.

Taco Azteca is small and dazzlingly bright, white and clean down to the restrooms. The restaurant is across the street from Bookman's, and traffic on Grant is constant and close. An affordable stop, and we recommend—but get there before the 8 p.m. closing time. 327-4774.

—Por Natura

The Ranch Store Deli and Gift Emporium Oracle, Arizona

On a recent bicycle trip to that cluster of artist colonies and trailer courts, my bonked-out body was shocked to discover that Mother Cody's has metamorphosed into a chiropractic clinic. Apparently mom doesn't live here anymore. With the demise of Mother Cody's, is

there any reason to pedal all the way to Oracle, grinding out that eleven mile upgrade and those Santa Ana-like winds that invariably kick up in the afternoon?

Yes. Thanks to a couple of ladies who've just opened The Ranch Store Deli and Gift Emporium, located on Oracle's main drag about two miles south of the highway. The offerings include great sandwiches, hefty drinks, homemade soup and the best chocolate chip and oatmeal cookies in the Republic. The portions are big enough to satisfy long-haul truckers and the setting nice enough to please urban yuppies who just want to get away from the city for a few hours. And the prices are right for everyone.

Take for example the \$3.75 sandwich plates, including pickle, potato chips (in those tiny bags moms pack in lunch boxes), and your choice of macaroni or potato salad or coleslaw. If you like little salads, they are some of the best. Sandwiches include roast beef and bacon, albacore tuna, corned beef and sauerkraut, something for the vegetarians, and are piled high with other ingredients such as cheeses, spinach leaves, sprouts, cucumber, tomato and onion.

My sandwich, the "Hoakie Hoagie," (I'm beginning to detest these cutesy names), consisted of salami, ham, mortadella, provolone, mozzarella, lettuce, tomato, and onion marinade on a hoagie. Thank God it was conveniently sliced in half so the half I couldn't eat fit nicely into a doggie bag. Soda pop comes in your standard sizes—small, medium and large—but there was nothing standard about the containers. Mine (85¢) was the size of an oil drum. The same thing happened with the huge chocolate chip cookies, selling that day at three for a dollar. Two of them joined the sandwich in the doggie bag after I swallowed the first one whole in my enthusiasm over its homemade goodness. I simply couldn't fit the other two in.

For \$2.65 you can create your own sandwich from the array of meats and cheeses in the deli case. Certain ingredients, such as sprouts and avocado, cost extra (15¢ and 20¢ respectively). Children's portions are available for \$2.95 and \$1.75. A bowl of homemade soup will cost you a buck, and there is an all-you-can-eat soup and salad bar for \$2.99. Desserts are in abundance—cheesecakes, mousse cakes, the "Daily Goodie" and, of course, the cookies. I also spotted a couple of different kinds of pies, but don't know if they are homemade. The desserts average \$1.30.

This is your basic cozy little place, with a fireplace for winter and ceiling fans and outdoor tables for summer. (I got a chill indoors in March trying to drink all of that giant Coke.) The "Gift Emporium" part of the deli sells "gourmet" packaged goods, including mustards, coffees, blue corn chips and other specialty items for the well-stocked yuppie kitchen. Personally, I have my eye on a colorful serving tray shaped in the form of a pig.... Open daily, 11 a.m. to 8 p.m., except Wednesday (11-6) and Sunday (10-4). 1-896-9200.

—Petunia Pig.

Paesano 5845 N. Oracle

One of these days I'm going to get over to Michelangelo. I caught a glimpse of their menu once and was very impressed. I read a mouthwatering review. But the prices on the right-hand side of that menu were a little intimidating. Imagine my pleasure then, when I discov-

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EAT

neighborhood—down where the streets are named after states. The first time my friend took me to this place I thought we were actually going to eat in Sonora. El Bruno, in short, is located at South 12th and Michigan Street.

In business for a little over a year, this is truly a family owned and staffed restaurant—Mike Dominguez, his wife and her mother do it all, out front and in the kitchen. And nobody in this family is keen on working nights. They serve great food, but you have to be there between 7 a.m. and 3 p.m. (closed Mondays).

Mike foresees a day when they might stay open later, when they might remodel, when they might get a license to serve beer and wine (B.Y.O.), but for the time being, the Dominguezes would rather go home and be a family in the evening.

Before our meals, we had a choice of salad or minestrone. My companion had salad and complimented its inviting freshness and excellent Italian dressing. My minestrone was so rich and full of big chunks of vegetable and pasta that I had the distinct impression that the chunks were piled up from the bottom of the bowl and the broth merely poured around them.

On another occasion I'll have to return to try the pizza. The list of possibilities on the menu's last page looked good for the same reasons listed above, quality and price. This time, however, we passed on the pizza.

My companion took a simple but important route: spaghetti with meat sauce. From my many other occasions dining out with her, I know that this is an item near and dear to her heart. She cooks her own luxurious version, so when a competitor from the local restaurant industry gets a very favorable response, as this one did, it's worth a note, especially when it's priced under five dollars.

I tried the tortellini al panna, pasta filled with meat and cheese and served with a white sauce. The generous portion was smooth and subtle and very satisfying, and again, the \$6.50 price was gratifying as well. They also serve wonderful coffee and real half-and-half.

Perhaps one of these days I will make it over to Michelangelo. But as you may have noticed, my heart has always followed the simple and forthright, so perhaps I won't, and will always instead be sidetracked a hundred or so yards short. 887-8009.

—Triplane.

El Bruno

5323 S. 12th Avenue

This is it: the undiscovered, off-the-beaten-track, clean, unpretentious, storefront Mexican family restaurant with low prices and the best Sonoran cooking you've ever tasted. This is the place to take out-of-town visitors, the place that tells guests you're a desert insider.

El Bruno serves the best Mexican food I've encountered anywhere—but then I'm as gringo as a slice of Wonderbread, and I'm so hooked on Mexican food that it would be humiliating to mention some of the franchise junk I've eaten and enjoyed. But I have a close friend, a Hispanic Tucson native who's been hanging out here more than a half century, who knows as much about the South Side as anyone alive, a man who's married to a genius working in tortillas and peppers, one of the leading artists of Mexican cuisine on this planet. (Hardly a week goes by that he doesn't boast, "I had great Mexican food delivered last night; my wife delivered it from the kitchen to the dining room.") His recommendation should not be taken lightly, and El Bruno is the first Mexican restaurant my friend has ever recommended (except, I suppose, the one he used to own) to me or anyone else.

El Bruno is located on South 12th Avenue, south of South Tucson. So far south that it's beyond the numbered streets—when you pass 36th Street, you're still not in the

neighborhood—down where the streets are named after states. The first time my friend took me to this place I thought we were actually going to eat in Sonora. El Bruno, in short, is located at South 12th and Michigan Street.

In business for a little over a year, this is truly a family owned and staffed restaurant—Mike Dominguez, his wife and her mother do it all, out front and in the kitchen. And nobody in this family is keen on working nights. They serve great food, but you have to be there between 7 a.m. and 3 p.m. (closed Mondays).

Mike foresees a day when they might stay open later, when they might remodel, when they might get a license to serve beer and wine (B.Y.O.), but for the time being, the Dominguezes would rather go home and be a family in the evening.

Mike was raised in Tucson, his wife in Sonora on the El Bruno ranch (they tell me the term means "the oasis") near Arizpe. The food at El Bruno reflects the lessons learned down on the ranch and the influence of Sonora that has always made Tucson's Mexican restaurants something special. The first time I went to El Bruno it was with three longtime desert rats. There was about 150 years of Tucson experience sitting at our table. The chips and salsa told us we were in for a treat. Each basket of chips is prepared when you order it—that is, one of the Dominguezes chops up tortillas and cooks them then and there—arriving warm, crisp, as well rendered as this modest treat can be. The salsa is full-bodied and righteously hot—not intimidating, but enough to make your scalp sweat.

Everything is concocted from scratch, wonderfully fresh, like the food I've had in my friend's home. Someone tested the menudo (Saturday and Sunday only) and declared it the best he'd ever tasted. Next came the red chile combo and the same judgment—the best. Then a carne seca chimichanga arrived—a light, perfectly crisp shell filled with subtly spiced meat and bold strip of jalapeño running down the center. "Best chimichanga...etc.," declared a man with fifty years of Tucson Mexican restaurants behind him. Same story on the carne asada tacos. And each of these dishes came surrounded by crisp, fresh lettuce and chopped tomatoes of the sort you never can find at the supermarket.

The next visit was for breakfast, to sample the "best chorizo in town." Again, the tout was confirmed. After that a gang of six from the staff of this magazine loaded up for the long trek south and the promise of a great lunch. The chicken tacos so intoxicated one of our group that he declared them not just the best tacos in his experience, but the best chicken.

Prices at El Bruno are as impressive as the food. Our lunch group of six ate its fill for \$23.00. The most expensive item on the menu is the steak ranchero for \$6.35. Combination plates range from \$3.35 to \$3.90. No credit cards, but El Bruno takes checks with a guarantee card. It all sounds too good to be true. But it is. 294-9416.

—Hog.

Golden Dragon

6433 N. Oracle

The Golden Dragon has a terrific sign, its brilliant yellow and calls out confidently, competing favorably with the ice-cream, liquor and video signs that flank it at the little shopping center on the northwest corner of Oracle and Orange Grove. Its pseudo-Oriental lettering is one of the more elegant examples of that com-

mercial-visual genre and immediately elevates the restaurant to a classy niche somewhere above where the little family-owned, shopping-center Chinese restaurant might otherwise score on the visual first-impression scale. But I loved Golden Dragon even before they got that terrific sign.

They also have a gorgeous menu; a *dramatic* cut above the standard little family-owned, shopping-center Chinese restaurant menu. Large, red, with a gold tassel, its contents are printed on fine paper, in black and gray screen, with more elegant lettering and different sections delineated with finely-drawn graphics. More than just a dense list of exotically named entrees, it offers several pages of tantalizing choices, all described and inventoried. You won't have to ask a waiter or waitress here just *what exactly* is "Chef's Special Three Delights?" But I loved Golden Dragon even before they got their gorgeous menu.

Why? For the two most important criteria on which one judges little family-owned, shopping-center Chinese restaurants. The first criterion is actually several, what I will call The Obvious. Delicious food, pleasing and clean atmosphere, impeccably polite and friendly service. Enough said.

Number Two: Lunch Specials! No low-brow buffets here; instead, a reasonably-priced (\$3.35) selection of fourteen entrees (four spicy). Topping the list is the Golden Dragon's house special chow Mein: big, soft noodles and delicious pieces of chicken, pork, beef and juicy shrimp delicately flavored. I've noticed certain other lunch-hour regulars religiously order this same wonderful entree day in and day out. Also of particular note on the lunch menu: tomato beef, General Tso's chicken (spicy), kung-pao chicken (spicy), mo-shu pork and curry chicken.

Very significant in the lunch special criteria is choice of soup. For 75¢ or \$1.50 extra you can actually substitute a small cup or medium bowl of hot and sour soup for the traditional egg flower. Never a tremendous fan of egg flower soup, I would travel many miles, on the other hand, for a good bowl of hot and sour soup. Fortunately for me, living and working only a handful of miles from the Golden Dragon, I don't have to. Telephone: 297-1862
—Triplane.

ENCORES

Austin's 2920 E. Broadway

The menu is more dependable than the American dollar: if it's cream of potato soup it must be Wednesday. The fountain area sits in plain view for worship by ice cream devotees and Austin's makes its own—good stuff with flavors that change from time to time. Sandwiches here are advertised as over-stuffed and the folks don't lie. The chicken salad and tuna salad are as addictive as cocaine and the hamburger is the plain Jane version (patty, bun, onions, lettuce and tomato) that America favored before it went Californian. 327-3892.
—Desert Rat

Westward Look 245 E. Ina

The best Sunday brunch in town is the spread at the

Westward Look Gold Room. At most brunches the idea is to scarf as much mediocre food as possible before you waddle out feeling like you somehow got a gonga. But not here, thankfully. You get plenty of food—but the emphasis is on how it tastes. You'll find a menu with twelve entrees, including eggs Benedict, shrimp scampi, fresh fish, elegant chicken concoctions, veal and beef tenderloin. Load up on unusual salads and fresh fruits at a buffet while waiting for your selection to arrive. Bottles of complimentary bubbly, and not the low-rent kind, were brought around throughout the meal. A word of warning, however: brunch reservations are a must. Brunch is from 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m. 297-1151.
—Hungry Heart

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Eegee's Twelve locations

Eegee's is a local success story: Two guys started selling slush out of a van at schools and kept getting hassled by the law, and now they operate a dozen stores in town. In summer, you really appreciate the feeling of lemon ice sliding down the back of your throat—though now they also offer a bunch of different sandwiches on torpedo-shaped Italian rolls, ranging from the Italian grinder with nine ingredients to all-American ham and turkey to a truly decent meatball sub soaked in sauce and cheese (order it hot). The baby-boomers grew up on this stuff, but Eegee's is equally popular at the downtown location with older denizens.

—Cholesterol Kid.

class. Finally, a place that does chicken right. It could bust the colonel down to buck private. 795-7556.

—Desert Rat.

Hungry Fox

4637 East Broadway

This place has the dignity of an authentic diner, minus railway car and night hours. But it does have daily specials (meat loaf, pot roast, chicken a la king served with vegetable, potatoes and soup or salad). Comfortable orange and yellow booths, and a 1950s decor; waitresses from the same era. Top quality burgers, ground chuck. The place for anyone who still hungers for meat and potatoes. 326-2835.

—Country.

Sanchez Burrito Company

2530 N. First Avenue

Family-owned Mexican restaurant featuring Sonoran-style food. This place has been collecting kudos since opening three years ago in a former burger drive-in, and now has a branch in a former neighborhood grocery at Wetmore and Flowing Wells (887-0955). The burritos are humongous, and the prices cheap. Vegetarian version might convert a carnivore. 622-2092.

—Country.

Panda Village

6546 E. Tanque Verde

Notches above the usual Oriental cuisine in town. It comes the closest to back East flavors that I've encountered locally. Select from over 100 dishes or a full range of appetizers. If you like throat-burning food, that's what you'll get. Or if you like food on the bland side, they have enough offerings to pick from. If you hate MSG, tell them and they won't give you one grain of the stuff. They pride themselves on cooking everything to order. Excellent hot and sour soup—burns the palate just enough to make you want more. 296-6159.

—Country.

The Good Earth

6366 E. Broadway

The owner has serious madness in his eyes and the results are obvious in the restaurant's attention to detail—plants, real wooden tables and comfortable booths. The menu—about the size of a small telephone book—offers a huge array of ways to prepare seafood, chicken, beef and eggs (more than 140 dishes). Vegetarians

take note: this place has green crunchy things to eat. Healthy people hang out here. 745-6600.

—Desert Rat.

Luby's

Tucson mall

If you think of cafeterias only as places to reacquaint yourself with Jello salads, soggy haddock and mac & cheese, this fresh competitor for the senior citizens' buck on the North Side has a few new wrinkles. At Luby's you may be confronted by seafood shish kebabs and stuffed jalapeños. The nice thing about cafeterias is that you can eat anything you darn please—if you want only green beans and apple pie, nobody flinches—and Luby's has increased the choices. The place is jammed at dinnertime. 293-0202.

—Country.

El Rapido

77 W. Washington

Tucked away downtown a block from the Tucson Museum of Art, this little take-out place has been cranking out first-rate tortillas since 1933. Family-owned and operated by true fanatics—they've been buying their chilis from the same Santa Cruz valley farmer for decades. The beef tamale is a contender for the Nobel Prize in literature. Strictly take-out. 624-4725.

—Desert Rat.

Tokyo Restaurant

& Sushi Bar

5802 East 22nd

Tempura, sushi and all the yuppie delights in a former fish and chips joint turned classy. Owned by Eugene Sanchez, a man born in Ciudad Juarez. The usual chain gang of Japanese sushi chefs imported from Los Angeles and fresh fish flown in several times a week. The crowd is an original mixture of military from the base, raw fish freaks from UA and gourmets from the foothills. Two tatami rooms for the dedicated. Best sushi in town. Wine and beer. Wheelchair access. 745-3692.

—Desert Rat.

Lerua's

2005 E. Broadway

A popular neighborhood spot for decades with trustworthy Mexican food and friendly service. Featuring 10 combination plates, 5 varieties of topopo salads and green corn tamales year 'round (also sold by the dozen). Catering and take-outs are their specialty.

but the dining atmosphere is a pleasant blend of caned chairs and disposable dishes. 624-0322.

—Country.

Janos

150 N. Main

Somehow, Janos has managed to recreate the leisurely grace of El Presidio as it must have been more than a century ago and slide in upscale '80s flavors without treading on sensibilities. The result is elegance in a laid-back Tucson way. The food is creative and excellent and expensive. The fare is continental gourmet, with Sonoran touches. The desserts are richer than the diners, and if you can't finish the outrageous chocolate-bourbon mousse, they send it home with you wrapped in a foil swan. Truly a place to be nice to yourself—it is Tucson's premier gourmet eatery. Don't miss the bar, a Rory McCarthy creation. A.E., M.C., Visa. 884-9426.

—Cholesterol Kid.

Poco Loco

3840 E. Speedway

Some of the best sausages and burgers in town. Luckily, the Poke acquired the former Chicago Dogs next door and has maintained the quality. Bratwurst, kielbasa, knockwurst and just plain hot dogs. One of Tucson's oldest brand names and most underrated eating spots, tucked into some, uh, interesting Speedway territory. Try it, you'll like it. 326-7637.

—Country.

Blue Moon Cafe

1021 N. Wilmot

An innovative husband-and-wife venture tending toward trendy, with first-class twists (one of their Blue Plate Specials is "wheat loaf," but real chickens gave their livers to the pistachio paté). The food not only is grand, but interesting. A crisp salad and soup bar with homemade breads offers baby corn ears, cold curried vegetables and potato salad along with the standards. The menu dances from brie to pasta to Oriental to Mexican to tuna salad. 790-0069.

—Cholesterol Kid.

The Three Sisters

2226 N. Stone

Maybe the only good things to come out of the Vietnam era were Vietnamese neighbors and their food. This little place is dim and plain, but the food

isn't. The menu is an extensive array of beef, pork, seafood, poultry and rice. Especially fine are the soups—light chicken and/or fish broth with soft noodles, vegetables and meat. Or try catfish sour soup if you're into new experiences. 628-1094.

—Country.

Pack 'em Inn

22 W. Drachman

Red booths in dark rooms, "real men" craving red meat and getting it from tough and competent waitresses, Roseanne Cash wailing from the juke box about her "Seven Year Ache"—we like this place. The waitresses flame-broil the steaks to your liking; we always ask for extra-thick cuts, then reward with extra-big tips. Now they see us coming and our steaks are fat, juicy and rare. Salads are lettuce with dressing, period (and don't ask for honey-yogurt, either); bread is store-bought breadsticks with margarine. The steak comes with a potato baked in foil, just like home. Good margaritas. No surprises, just a comfortable old standby and reasonable prices. 624-5956.

Kippy's Hamburgers and Things

831-C N. Park

Though they have ceased to grind their own meat, they still are serving one of the meanest burgers in town. Can you eat one of these before the innards spill? A variety of toppings and homemade salads (tabouli, antipasto, primavera) and desserts. Warning: The French fries pale next to the burgers. Busy lunch trade, mostly students. 622-9357.

—Country.

Damiano's

1535 N. Stone

If we had a Little Italy, this place would have a lush red velvet seat reserved for the town godfather. Take that as a recommendation. Comfortable booths and tables in two medium-sized rooms are close together, but there's enough space to avert claustrophobia. This well-lighted and friendly restaurant serves up solid Northern Italian food, and they don't skimp on the portions. A great place for large families—you'll have enough cash left over for your next meal. The menu runs the gamut from pasta to pizza to seafood to veal. Nothing fancy

or real innovative, but dependable. 622-5761.

—Country.

Croissant Corner

15 E. Congress

If you work downtown, you've probably been here. If you haven't, it's a fun place to eat if you don't mind having your name screamed out when your order is ready. An old storefront converted into an eatery. The croissants are big, buttery and flaky, and they're stuffed with a variety of deli combinations. Dessert crois-

sants come in chocolate chip, fruit combinations and regular chocolate. Excellent rugaleh (fine pastry dough rolled in powdered sugar and stuffed with nuts and cinnamon). At lunchtime you are jammed cheek to jowl in line, but it's worth the wait. And you might meet a new friend. 882-4461.

—Country.

Delectables

533 N. Fourth Ave.

An institution along the avenue, this is one of the

original fern bars in town and it has managed to remain consistently good. Lunches come on wood boards and you can pick your own selection of meat and cheese or go with one of theirs. Excellent cheeses—havarti, brie, provolone, to name a few—and good deli meats including prosciutto, ham, salami, turkey and smoked fish.

Croissant sandwiches, large salads with interesting greens, and thick, rich soups are always on hand and changing. The coffee is not for the faint

hearted—lots of caffeine unless you opt for the brewed decaf (which still feels like it gives a caffeine rush). Plenty of large plants flank rustic wooden tables. What happened to the hippies? They grew up and eat here. 884-9289.

—Country.

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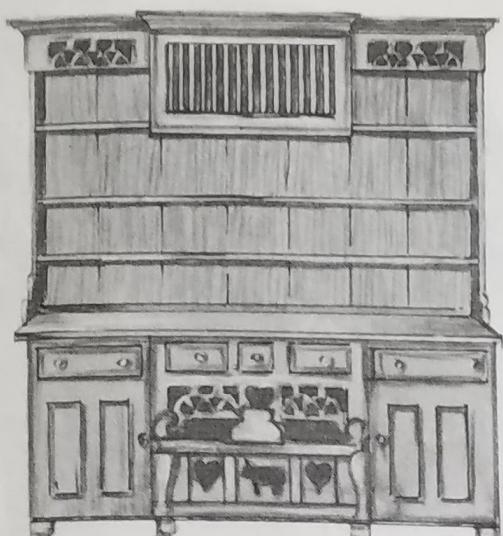
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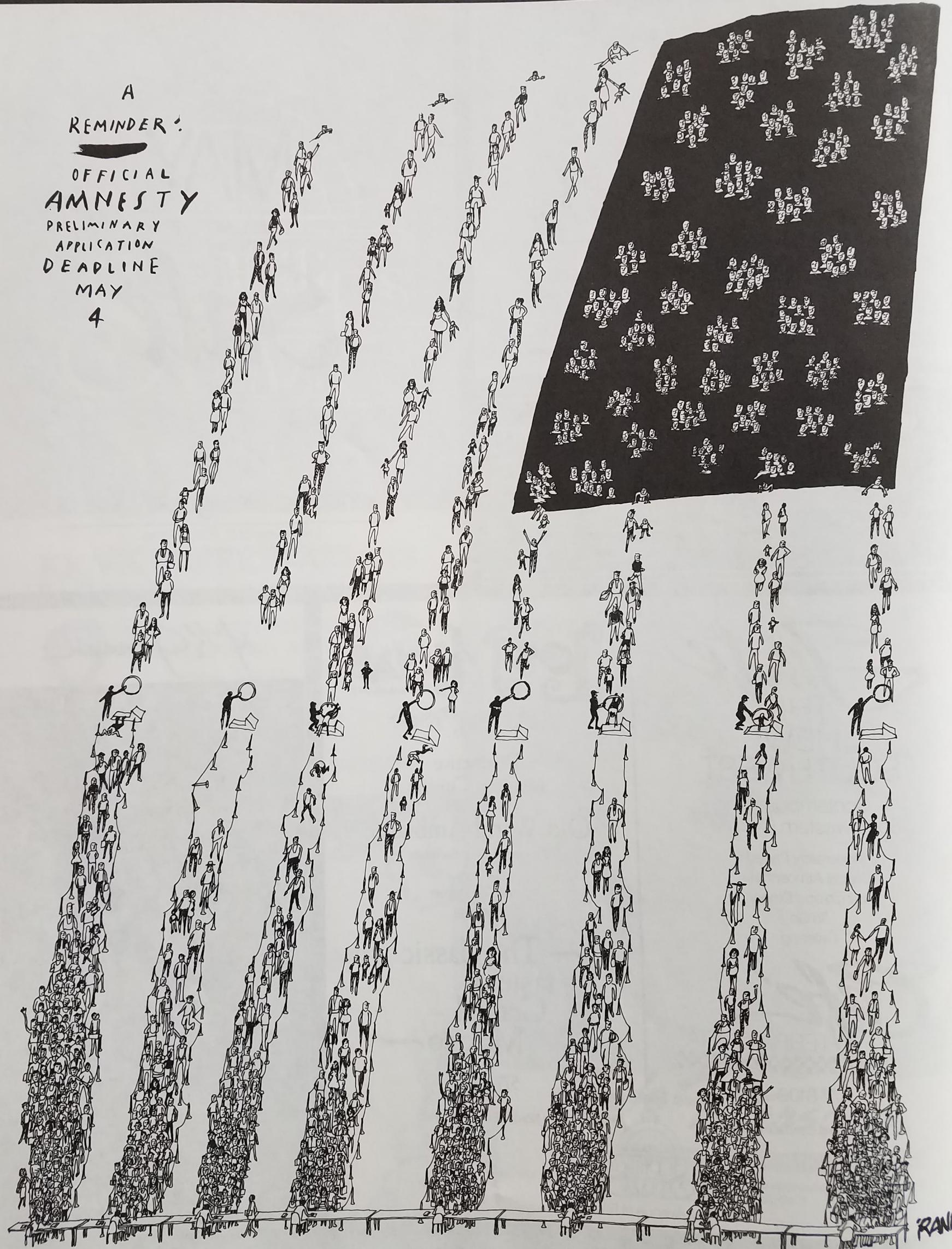
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NOTES

What's going on out in Marana? For one thing, a strange lesson in democracy at work. It started when Rep. Reid Ewing (D-Tucson), joined with a small group of Marana residents to circulate petitions aimed at forcing public votes on controversial annexations by the rapidly expanding town. The first time he did so, petitions challenging the annexation of American Continental and Estes property at Continental Ranch and Acacia Hills were thrown out by a Superior Court judge.

Ewing charged in a letter to area residents (copied and mailed at his expense from an original typewritten on a piece of state stationery) that the town spent some \$18,000 in taxpayers' money to deny the public vote. But Marana Mayor Tom Jones rebutted Ewing, writing on February 24 in the local newspaper, *The Sun*, that "...the Town of Marana did not spend any taxpayer monies to deny a vote on these annexations. The fact is that property owners who requested annexation have paid all associated costs in completing the annexations including legal costs...." Added Jones, "Ewing's interest in Marana puzzles me. I don't like him using Marana to build his personal political career."

Neighborhood-activist Ewing answered that he is watch-dogging the town because "Marana is now known as an easy mark for any developers having problems with [more restrictive] Pima County." He also fired off this comment to *The Sun's* editorial page: "We now learn from Mayor Jones that the developers paid the town's attorney's fees. This raises an interesting question—who are your town officials working for, you the voters, or the developers who pay their fees?"

The next time around, critics of Marana's annexation of Steinfeld Trust property obtained twelve valid signatures, one more than the minimum number required by law, to force a town vote on the annexation. They kept the number to the minimum, Ewing said, so that Marana and/or Steinfeld Trust attorneys couldn't run up legal costs by taking depositions from a larger number of petition signers.

According to Ewing, the town's mayor and council recently tried to come up with a date for the public vote on the Steinfeld annexation—based on when opponents of the annexation would most likely be out of town. Jones maintains, however, that talk about when annexation oppo-



Gil Juarez

MARANA TURF FIGHT

They'll hold the election when the developer wants it

nents would be absent was "only an offhand comment, hopefully made humorously. It wasn't a serious consideration or suggestion at all. Sometimes you miss something [of the spirit of a meeting] from the transcript, if you weren't in the room."

Ewing and his assistant, Elizabeth Albanese, provided this transcript of the open-meeting discussion:

Mayor Tom Jones: "I hope you appreciate that we are extremely frustrated by this.... If you look at...the make-up of the thirteen people who signed [petitions mandating the public vote], it's just such a small, small, small, small representative sample of the people in the town. But unfortunately I don't think we have much choice in this case other than to follow the law and the advice of counsel and declare the petitions are good."...

Councilman Bob McCrea: "Don't you think that being in the middle of July, which is customarily vacation time for a lot of folks, that we might be better served to postpone it for a couple of weeks later than the twelfth of July?"

Marana Town Attorney John R. Moffitt: "The council does have the option, in the event that this referendum were to fail or the council action [to annex] were to fail as a result of this referendum, and if you feel that it might have been because of summer and people being on vacation, the day after the election you can adopt another ordinance. Well, with two days notice and everything, you can adopt another ordinance again annexing the Steinfeld property, which would put this thing through an entire brand-new referendum process, and would come up to [a] vote then in October or November."

McCrea: "I can't really see it failing. I just think the numbers would be closer together if it were midsummer vacation time, when a lot of the folks that do regularly go out and participate in the voting process might possibly not be here, and that the vote would be closer together."...

Jones: "School starts here around the eighteenth of August. I'm wondering if the property owners [Steinfeld] would feel that moving this to somewhere around the last week of August

would be too long. Would your preference be to have it in the middle of July or the end of August?"

Steinfeld Representative: "We have to go along with your judgment as to when the people who live out here can vote and that isn't that much longer, if you feel you'll have a better election later. We'll have to leave that up to you."

Councilman Bill Schisler: "Mr. Mayor, in that light I think perhaps that the people that caused this referendum to start with, they are the ones that are likely to be on vacation in July. [They] work for the school. Without mentioning names, I think we would have more negative votes if we wait 'til August than July."

Councilman Tom Hum: "Those people that challenged this administration will always challenge every other one from here on. I would like us to beat 'em again, cost 'em a few dollars. That way when it comes again they will think twice. For our benefit...I would like to see them challenge again."...

Councilman David Morales: "No cure. Only cure I can see is fight them every inch of the way. I say let's fight 'em. It's gonna take time, it's gonna take money. If they're costing us time, let's cost them time. Thirteen signatures when there's 695 votes [in Marana]"

The vote eventually was set by the council for July 12, Jones told *City Magazine*, because that was the first available Tuesday after the 105-day interim period required by law. "We want a good turnout," the mayor said, "...but the only way around summer was to wait until September, and the property owner who made the initial request for annexation, Steinfeld Trust, wanted the election as soon as possible."

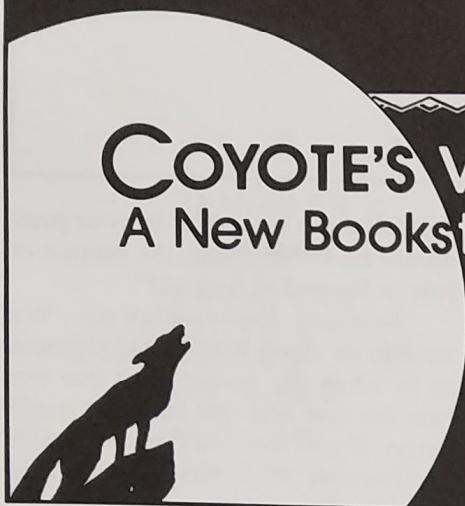
Jones said it's "a little frustrating to think that a few people [the twelve who signed petitions] can slow down the wheels of government," especially since "it seems like the [Steinfeld] election is not really necessary." He noted that forty-four percent of Marana's voters turned out in late March and approved the town's general annexation policies by three to one.

Countered Ewing, "[That] was a meaningless vote with no legal significance. Of course Marana should continue to expand through annexation—but it should do so without turning over the town to some of the largest developers in the state." □

—Norma Coile

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NOTES

RISING SUN OVER THE CANYON

So many Japanese tourists visit the Grand Canyon that Shoji Fujiwara, a native of Japan, has been hired by Grand Canyon Helicopters as "the first Japanese-speaking helicopter pilot to provide narrated tours" of the park. (*Grand Canyon News*)

—Ray Ring

GREED AND UNDERWEAR

The Willcox High School yearbook asked students to name their "Pride and Joy in Life." Half answered "money." One senior answered, "my sex-machine credit card, of course." And the editor of the yearbook said his most prized possession is his "blue-green camouflage underwear." (*Arizona Range News*)

—Ray Ring

PRONGHORN GUZZLING

A rare Sonoran pronghorn antelope "made history" at a waterhole on the Cabeza Prieta National Wildlife Refuge. A photo of the lone male antelope ran on the front page of the *Ajo Copper News*, with an explanation that biologists have always wondered whether the animals get all the moisture they need solely by eating vegetation, or must also drink water. The

rather blurry photo, snapped by a special remote time-lapse camera, might "settle the debate once and for all."

—Ray Ring

SEDONA: A RUNAWAY SUBDIVISION

In Sedona there's now three different Juniper Drives, plus a Juniper Lane, a Juniper Trail and a Juniper Way. The streets were named by subdivision developers as the town grew. Residents have asked for relief from all the Junipers, and the Coconino County Board of Supervisors has voted to adopt Crest Drive as the new name for one of the Juniper Drives. (*The Arizona Daily Sun*)

—Ray Ring

Our Town

Hush little baby, don't you cry.
When we get to Tucson, you'll
see why.

We left the snowstorms and the
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be born again.

—Chrissie Hynde,
"Thumbleina,"
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THE RED PEPPER CURE

When you're out of your head, try chorizo

It was 1959, I was twelve years old and fresh from the south side of Chicago, raised on snow, meat and potatoes. The Tucson summer knocked me and my older brother for a loop.

In the fall we started new schools, wrapped like mummies against the morning cold, coming home stripped down in T-shirts to do afternoon homework and get ready for dinner. Mom got sick of cooking. By some miracle we found ourselves on west Broadway at the original El Charro, sitting at the shiny formica tables while all around us dark-skinned men and women ate strange food under the timeless eyes of tall Aztec gods who graced the paintings on the walls.

My young eyes balked at the menu. I looked to my brother, a veteran of three years of high school Spanish, for advice. The waitresses covered adjoining tables with mountains of lettuce and avocado. What was an avocado? Grizzled men in straw cowboy hats leaned in, elbows on the table, scooping up food and pulling on brown bottles of beer.

I ordered something called a burrito, chili Colorado, a strange, huge bundle of food for 90¢. The flour tortilla was from another world. Thin, hot, spotted like a Dalmatian, it enclosed the red, spicy meat in odd folds and curves.

Shy, hungry, I ate my lone burrito and sipped from my bottle of Coke to damp the chili's heat. I stayed close to my family when we hit the street, the pavement still warm from the long, sunny day. We passed a Mexican bakery, crossing Broadway to the gazebo in the tiny park. We followed my father to the Greyhound station, where he shipped blueprints to Phoenix. We went home happy and full.

On Sunday drives my grandmother, born in Trinidad and weaned on curry, would hint at a brief stop at the taco stands across the street from the bus station. Placards braced the intersection: TACOS, 12 FOR \$1. And the competitors: TACOS, 13 FOR \$1.

No one else was quite as brave. We sat in my dad's company car, a '52 Plymouth painted bright yellow, as my grandmother enjoyed her eight-cent concoction of fried tortilla and meat. Occasionally, I would steal a bite, licking my lips until we arrived home, where the grease-stained paper that had enclosed our treat was rolled into a ball and tossed away. Our car was an ugly duckling, but it smelled good.

One Thanksgiving we actually celebrated at El Charro, my brother,

my mother, grandmother and me, riding the bus downtown. My dad was gone on business somewhere. The streets were empty and cold in the November dusk when we left, but the chili Colorado kept me warm. As the years went by, my grandmother's late-night snacks, cooked at midnight while we watched the Steve Allen Show, got hotter and hotter and, like the Tucson summers, became an acquired—and needed—taste.

Tucson High. Miss Celaya led us on field trips to El Charro, followed by a Mexican movie at the old Cine Plaza. I branched out—chili rellenos, chili verde, guacamole...

1969. My friends and I pulled open an old screen door on South 4th Avenue and discovered the comfort of El Dorado. We sat in a car and were served pitchers of beer down at The Crossroads. Meanwhile, Monica left the cash register at El Charro and took my childhood with her.

After parties we ended up at El Minuto, ordering quart bottles of beer and chimichangas. At El Torero we swatted flies at the long bar and ate chips and dip for free. In the endless, droning heat of summer, we drove to El Rapido for green corn tamales. Anointed with salsa, swallowed in two bites, they were washed down with Superior, Bohemia, Dos Equis.

My friends have talked to me about life, death, changes, love, loss and despair, and it's always been over Mexican food. We've gotten drunk, rubbing our faces in dust and tamarisk needles, and have gone off to purify our souls with Mexican food. I have contracted cases of stomach flu, unrequited love, loneliness, angst, and I have searched out the healing effects of red peppers and stew beef simmered for hours, wrapped in tortillas, *de maiz, señor, de harina, señora*, and, test passed, body and soul have been healed.

Snobbish acquaintances have tried to diminish what they call border food, touching on the subtleties of red snapper, blue corn, southern Mexican sauces that lean more toward France than Sonora. I ignore the innuendo. I let my chorizo from the American Meat Company on South 4th Avenue melt and sizzle in my black cast iron pan. I add diced onions, I pour off the grease and mix in shredded beef. I open a bottle of Superior and tunnel into the fullness of my burrito, the fiery salsa, the cold sour cream, and once again I am twelve years old in the new world. □

—Nils Nelson

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NOTES

"As long as you're living under this roof, you'll abide by my rules." The words rolled off my tongue as easily as they had from my mother's seventeen years ago. My twelve-year-old son glared at me. My tensed, angered body relaxed. That childlike innocence was still there. The battle was over but not forgotten. He retreated to his room knowing it was over. He'd lost and now we both needed a timeout.

Exhausted, I poured myself into the nearest chair. The argument had been over his wanting to stay out after dark. I couldn't imagine, until this moment, what my mother felt like the day I proudly announced I was contemplating moving out with my best friend Paula into the Euclid Terrace Apartments. She had looked hurt, wondering what she had done to drive me out. And that was just it: at eighteen, I just wanted my freedom. We were tired of the strict rules we had to obey. We weren't allowed to stay out past midnight; we attended Mass every Sunday with our families or we could kiss dating goodbye. We had to attend every family function and, of course, dress decently. I can still remember coming out to greet my date, and my parents making me change my "hot pants" or a short dress into something appropriate. So Paula and I became experts at sneaking around—or so we thought. I think they knew our every move. But it was never really worth it. Deep down we were nice Mexican-Catholic girls fighting to be cool but appalled when we'd walk into a party and catch a whiff of a suspicious-looking cigarette. I always felt

LIVING BY THE RULES

*When you're young you fight your parents.
Then you become one.*

caught somewhere in between. The popular, "cool" guys would ask us out. But since we didn't "put out" we learned painfully that the romantic aura we'd placed around these guys was nothing more than their glands working on overload.

I moved back to Tucson a couple of years ago



Gil Juarez

and I often drive through the UA campus. Sweet, gentle waves fill my heart as I remember hand-holding courtships and shared picnic lunches by the fountain in front of Old Main. And crazy singing and laughing as we drove up "A" Mountain to paint the "A." Cab sessions with my sorority sisters in the Student Union were a weekly ritual as we sat

around the tables nourishing ourselves with Pepsi and Snickers to give us energy. We needed it to take on the challenge of making sure that every car in the X lot, where McKale Center now proudly stands, had a red-and-blue streamer attached to its antenna the night before a home game. We

welcomed Snowbirds at the airport as part of our sorority initiation, dressed like turkeys over the Thanksgiving weekend, singing "Bear Down." I remember riding on the "Pike's" (Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity's) fire engine around the football field during a home game. We passed people bodily down row after row in the infamous coffin caper.

I never did get around to moving into Euclid Terrace. The morning I left my parents' house I was dressed in a beautiful white wedding gown, to be married at St. Ambrose church.

My grandparents watched me get the education they were never allowed. Their struggle to come from Mexico and raise their children with morals and food and a home was their greatest accomplishment. Their words of wisdom, spoken in Spanish, still embrace me with their love. It was tough when they met my friends and tried to communicate in broken English. My grandfather would sit me on the arm of his favorite chair, embracing me with one hand and sipping his Scotch with the other. In a soft but firm tone he would tell me, "The day you refuse to speak our language or deny you're Mexican, is the day you deny me." I kissed him on the forehead. I'm proud that I've never let him down.

—Anna Valencia Beamish.

CUSTOMS AGENT TAKES THE LONG VIEW

The "Customs Log" column in the *Nogales International*, written by Dave Wright, reported the seizure of "100,000-plus potential pounds of marijuana." Agent Wright explained that the "potential pounds" referred to 1.5 grams of marijuana seeds, which, if planted and tended, would produce generation after generation of pot plants. He said the 100,000-pound estimate was "conservative," since the plants could reproduce "indefinitely until the onset of nuclear winter or until the sun goes nova, whichever comes first."

—Ray Ring

STRAIGHT BULL

Drunken-driving arrests are a common problem for visitors of Bullhead City and the gambling casinos across the Colorado River in Nevada. The locals have a saying: "Go to Bullhead on vacation, leave on probation." (Mohave Valley News)

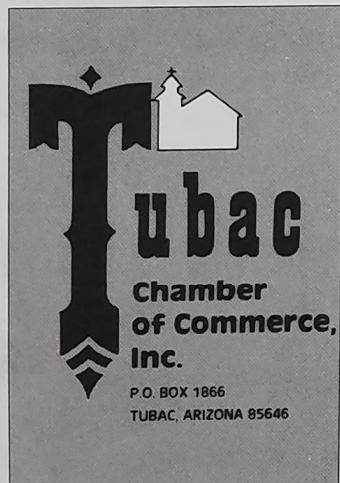
—Ray Ring

SAFETY FIRST

"Internationally, condoms have been touted as a simple but effective method to prevent social diseases and limit unwanted population growth. Unfortunately, many of the problems associated with growth and development cannot be prevented by simply slipping condoms over the heads of developers. Therefore, *Earth First!* suggests that Pima County use another popular theme and start a campaign centered on the slogan, 'Just Say No To Development.'

"Write the Pima County Board of Supervisors and insist on a strong buffer ordinance along with their pledge to 'Just Say No.'"

—Earth First! Newsletter, March 1988



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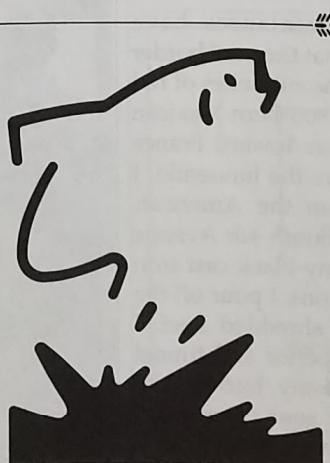
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THE INDEX

Iggy's view of the underbelly of life

- Percentage of Japanese cars sold in America last year that were manufactured here: 18
- Percentage of cars sold in America by Chrysler last year that were manufactured overseas: 12
- Percentage of world exports in 1966 that were sold by American companies: 18
- Percentage today: 18
- Number of times the word "Christian" appears in Pat Robertson's campaign brochure: 0
- Percentage of Americans who watch an evangelical religious program on television at least once a week: 25
- Percentage of Americans who say God has spoken to them: 36
- Average number of Latin American Catholics who convert to evangelical Christianity each hour: 400
- Number of tourists in Jerusalem who received psychiatric treatment for religious delusions last year: 152
- Percentage increase, since 1967, in the number of mosques in the Gaza Strip: 158
- Percentage of West Bank Palestinians who said in 1986 that violence is justified in pursuit of their cause: 87
- Percentage of college-educated West Bank Palestinians who said this: 93
- Percentage of West Bank Palestinians who are under 21: 75
- Percentage of Afghanistan's population that has been killed since the Soviet invasion: 7
- Percentage of the Soviet Union's population that was killed in World War II: 10
- Percentage of armed conflicts in the twentieth century that were won by the country or faction that started them: 39
- Percentage of conflicts since 1980 that were: 9
- Percentage of the casualties in all armed conflicts since 1980 who were civilians: 85
- Number of historians employed by the Pentagon: 300
- Number of "obscenity specialists" employed by the Department of Justice: 93
- Average number of sexual innuendos broadcast on television each hour during prime time: 9
- Percentage of all rapes in 1985 in which the victim and assailant were of the same race: 87
- Percentage of all robberies: 65
- Percentage increase, since 1975, in the number of Americans earning more than \$1 million a year: 280
- Number of times this year that the IRS has telephoned its own tax helpline to check its quality: 14,600
- Amount of time, since last April, that Americans spent on hold while calling the IRS (in years): 20
- Number of garages in Los Angeles that are used as homes: 42,300
- Estimated ratio of youth gang members to police officers in Los Angeles: 6:1
- Percentage of all nine- to eleven-year-old American girls who regularly use deodorant: 58
- Percentage of fourth graders who say there is peer pressure to try wine coolers: 34

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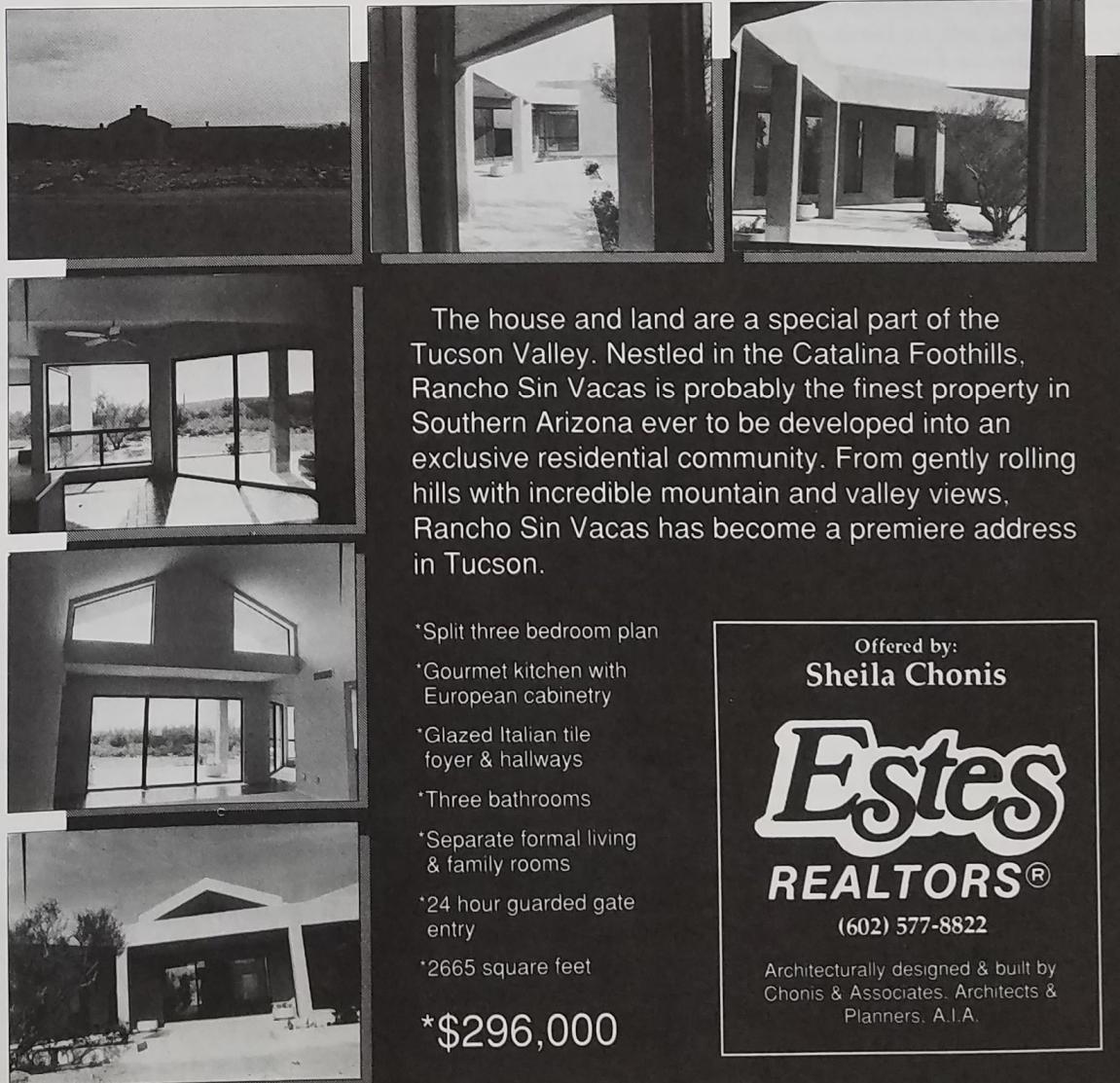
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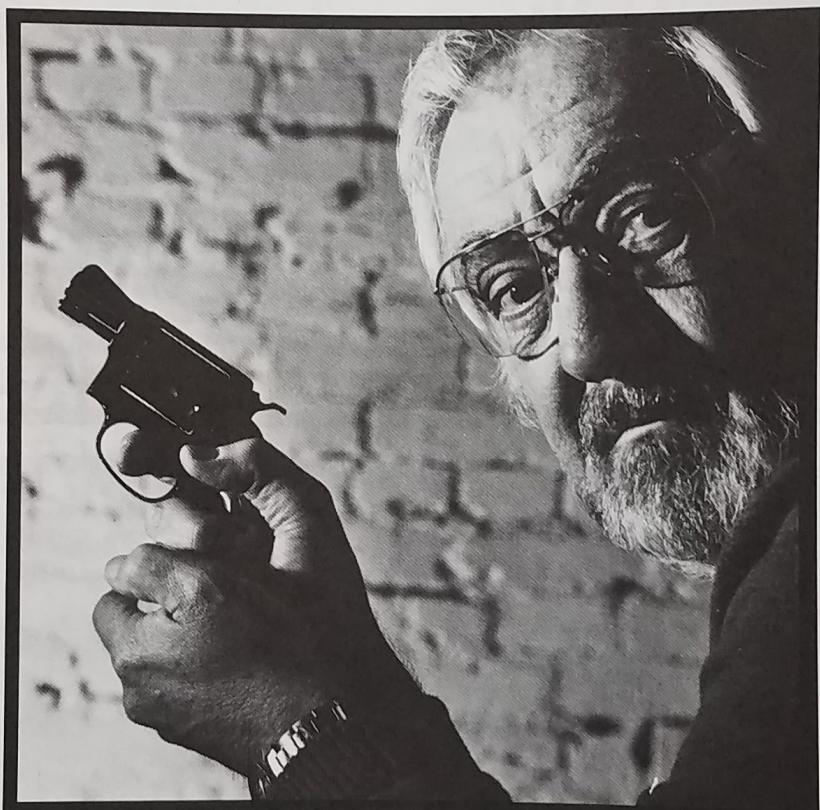
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TAKING ON THE MOB

He went inside the Mafia to get his money back. Now Roy Elson comes out of hiding to help put some of the wiseguys in jail.

By James Bamford

He graduated from Tucson High School in the spring of 1948. He graduated from the Mafia in August 1985. For a year Roy Elson has been on the lam, dropping in and out of Tucson. The call comes from a pay phone, you meet him in a bar. The athletic bag is always nearby with the .38 pistol. The voice is usually cheerful and relaxed but the drinks come fast and hard. He travels a lot, never uses a credit card, never has an address. He gives no number where he can be reached. He likes to sit with his back to the wall and the eyes idly scan everyone who comes in. He is full of tales from his decades of work for Senator Carl Hayden on the Hill—stories about the Kennedy boys, Lyndon Johnson, deals over bills, the fight for the CAP. Out in his truck he has sixty-three tape recordings, each ninety minutes long and cluttered with evidence that has led to a mass indictment of mob figures. The rasping voices of the American Mafia flood those tapes. The plunge with the money is easy to explain: He put a ton of his money into a mob loan-sharking scheme because of simple greed. But going into the outfit to try and get that money back is not so easy to understand. The federal government keeps grilling him about why he did what he did. They see it as just more greed, as the frenzy of a man addicted to the high returns of loan-sharking. Elson disagrees. He knocks back his drink and hesitates. He says it was pride, that it was ego. He could not stand to be the guy who got taken. He refused to be the sucker. He rises to leave, says goodbye. He announces no destina-

tion. He is the key witness that the mob hunts and probably wants dead. Weeks or months go by and then there is the voice on the phone, the athletic bag with the well-oiled 9 mm. The easy talk of the hunted man who is determined to stay alive until that day he can walk into a courtroom and tell his tale.

—The Editor

The Mob is on trial in Southern California. After four years of investigation by the FBI and the Justice Department's Organized Crime Strike Force, a dozen men—members of the Los Angeles branch of the Cosa Nostra, according to the government—are scheduled to take their places at the defendants' table in federal court this spring. Nearly a year ago, their indictment was announced with great fanfare—"the most significant organized

crime case on the West Coast in a decade," said the U.S. Attorney General Edwin Meese; the Mob's operations in Southern California are effectively gutted, said the FBI and U.S. attorney's office.

The charges read like the outline for a Mario Puzo novel—eighteen counts of racketeering, attempted murder, extortion, assault, cocaine trafficking and conspiracy. But between the lines of the government's case lies another narrative. This is a story populated by more ordinary people, the innocent and not-so-innocent victims of the Mob and its associates, people who dabble, sometimes wittingly and sometimes unwittingly, on the shady side of the law.

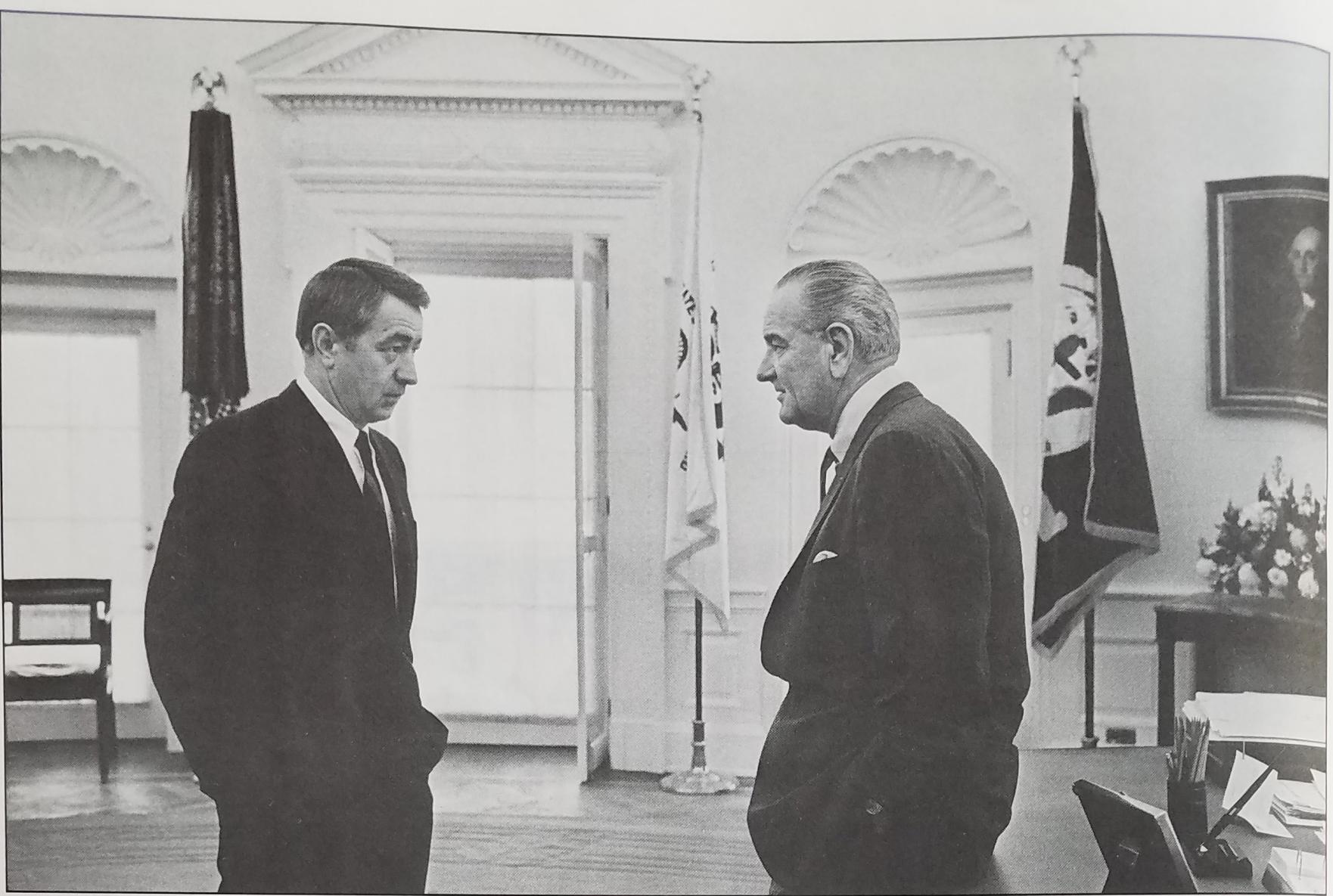
This spring, one of those ordinary people, Roy Lane Elson, is scheduled to come out of hiding to testify on behalf of the prosecution. A former candidate for the U.S. Senate from

Arizona and now a Washington consultant, Elson found himself on the edges of the Southern California Mafia through his dealings with one Daniel L. Mondavano. Although Mondavano is not indicted in the government's case, it was Elson's association with Mondavano that led him into contact with most of the men who are named.

What follows is the story of Roy Elson's descent into the underworld. It is based on federal grand jury testimony; Roy Elson's own extensive logs, diaries and secretly taped recordings of his dealings with Mondavano and others mentioned in the story; numerous interviews with Elson and other Mondavano victims, government investigators and prosecutors, and one of the defendants in the current trial as well. Danny Mondavano himself could not be found for comment, though the author did locate Mondavano's ex-wife and son. The attorneys of accused Mafia members named in the story offered no access to their clients and, despite repeated requests, would neither confirm nor deny the content of Elson's tale. This is one man's story. It provides a rare look at the Southern California Mafia, and shows how members of the public can become both financiers of organized crime and its ultimate victims.

THE LOAN SHARK

To Vincent (The Fat Man) Teresa, once the No. 3 boss in the Boston Mafia, Danny Mondavano was "one of the best thieves in New England." "Danny became the most valuable property I had in my stable of hus-



Roy Elson with President Lyndon Johnson, 1968.

tlers," he wrote in his 1973 autobiography, *My Life in the Mafia*. "We worked dozens of deals together, all of them profitable. He helped me operate at casinos, he helped me set up loan-shark and gambling suckers, he worked in securities deals with me. He was a professional...one of the cleverest operators I ever knew."

Brought up in East Boston—a rough, predominantly Italian neighborhood of aging triple-decker homes bordering the noisy runways of Logan International Airport—Mondavano had a silver tongue and a talent for attracting money. "We worked together like Mutt and Jeff," Teresa wrote. When the Fat Man set up crooked card and dice games in Antigua, Mondavano was at his side; when he launched gambling junkets to the Colony Club in London, Mondavano was there, and once, according to Teresa, while sharing a table with Telly Savalas, Mondavano punched out another actor for getting a little too friendly with his girlfriend.

But casinos never had much appeal to Mondavano, who neither drank nor smoked. He preferred to do his gambling in the stock market, and he specialized in stolen bonds and securities swindles. His luck ran out, however, in the fall of 1967, about the time of his fortieth birthday, when he was arrested for transporting stolen securities. Early in 1968 he was found

guilty and sentenced to federal prison in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

Before long, Teresa, also convicted of transporting stolen securities, was Mondavano's neighbor on Lewisburg's Mafia Row. "When I got to the barbershop," Teresa wrote, "two Mob guys were waiting for me, [including] my old partner Danny Mondavano.... [They] saw that I was taken care of right."

Teresa also took care of Mondavano, in a somewhat different way. Faced with a sentence of twenty years in prison, he turned government witness. One of the first people he fingered was Danny Mondavano, who was once again found guilty of transporting stolen securities, this time \$610,000 in U.S. Treasury bills.

Four years after his second conviction, in December 1974, Mondavano was paroled and back on the cold streets of East Boston. He reported to his parole officer on time, and he kept out of jail. But by 1980, at least, he was up to some of his old tricks.

Invest money with me, he would tell an acquaintance; I'll loan it out at high interest, and you'll get a share. To

the truly naive, it may have sounded like a simple, good deal. To others it probably sounded like a loan-sharking operation, into which, if they invested, they weren't about to inquire too closely. It may also have been a Ponzi scam—in which the money from new investors would be used to pay off old investors in a pyramid structure while Mondavano took a cut off the top—or a combination of the two. Whatever the scam, it was a deal Mondavano pulled off successfully for the next three years.

On Wednesday, January 7, 1981, he telephoned Roy Lane Elson, a friend of a friend, and made the pitch to him.

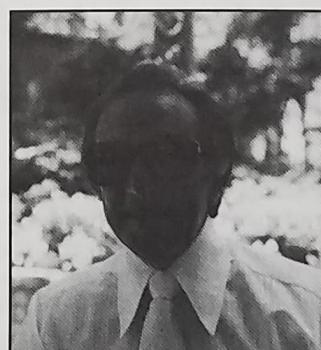
THE INVESTOR

"It's been said many times that he was the U.S. Senate's 101st senator," recalls one of Roy Elson's former congressional associates, now a successful Los Angeles businessman. "He had indeed more power than many of the junior senators." The youngest of nine children born to a Pennsylvania railroad engineer, Elson and his family moved to Tucson when he was seven.

"Roy was always best at everything," says one of his old friends. "He was the marble champion, I think, of his elementary school. He went on to college at the University of Arizona in Tucson where he demonstrated great ability." There he was selected by the dean to go to Washington and work for Senator Carl Hayden (D-Arizona).

At the time, in the early '50s, Arizona's Carl Hayden was chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee and one of the most powerful men on Capitol Hill. Elson rose to become his confidant and top aide. Elson could "call up any bureau and department," his former associate recalled, "any [Cabinet] secretary in the federal government, and merely say, this is Roy Elson, administrative assistant to Carl Hayden, and they would jump and salute him...."

In 1964, Elson himself, at age thirty-three, won the Arizona Democratic Party's Senate nomination by a landslide. And although he lost the general election to Paul Fannin for the seat vacated by presidential candidate Barry Goldwater, the margin was only a few thousand votes. Four years later he again won the Democratic nomination for Senate. "Roy Elson buried two Democratic primary opponents under an avalanche of votes," said the lead in the *Phoenix Gazette*. But this time he was running head-to-head with an unstoppable Barry Goldwater seeking



Danny Mondavano, 1983.

to recapture his seat, and defeat was almost inevitable.

Returning to Washington, Elson decided to capitalize on his fat Rolodex and his knowledge of the machinery of government. He turned his efforts to lobbying, first as a vice president/government relations of the National Association of Broadcasters, and later on his own. He married and divorced twice, raised a son and a daughter, and for a dozen years kept at his business and achieved the sort of life generally called comfortable, middle class, normal. But after he took Danny Mondavano's phone call in early 1981, his life would never be normal again.

THE DEAL

Elson had first heard of Mondavano several months before from a woman he had been dating, Anne McMeekin. As Elson would later tell a federal grand jury, she said that Mondavano ran a money-lending business in Boston, principally servicing merchants at flea markets in and around Boston, and that she had been investing with him for some time. Mondavano supplied the merchants with short-term loans at extremely high interest rates, and he dealt exclusively in cash. Investors got a share of that interest every week.

Elson was suspicious. It sounded to him like some sort of a scam. But during the next few months, he watched McMeekin get back in cash an agreed-on two percent in interest a week, and for special deals—what Mondavano called “ice cream” deals—up to six percent. While Elson’s money-market investment was barely bringing in eight percent or nine percent a year, Anne McMeekin was making 100 percent to 300 percent on her money.

Nevertheless, Elson was still skeptical when Mondavano called and offered him a chance to get in on the action. Elson did, however, suggest the names of friends who might be interested, and for them, too, the “juice”—interest payments—began flowing.

Finally, Elson decided to take the plunge. A con, he guessed, wouldn’t last this long or pay this handsomely. And if it was all based on loan-sharking, well, no one had gotten caught yet. “I watched my friends,” he said. “They were making a fortune from this guy. They were getting a point or two points [a week], and finally I said, you’ve got to be the stupidest guy imaginable.”

Eventually, Elson became not only an investor but also, in a sense, a partner. For every new investor he brought to Mondavano he received a half-percent in addition to his usual two percent interest payment. “I reached everyone from a president of a bank, prominent lawyers, a lot of people.... People would want to put more money in but it would be fun-

nelled through me because I was the contact.... All of a sudden I found myself a broker!” Some of these people, attracted by the additional money, eventually began setting up their own networks of investors. One even included a religious group. At first he took his money in cash, then he began to roll it over and add more to the pot. “All of a sudden, it was going so well that I started putting everything I had into it,” he remembers. “[It was] my chance...to do everything I wanted.”

Every few weeks, right on schedule, Mondavano would either Federal Express money and accounts to Washington or arrive in person. He would

show up with a thick wad of cash—as much as \$90,000 in hundreds—strapped to his leg under his trousers. “But the way we normally transmitted...,” Elson recalls, “was through Federal Express or Express Mail. Uninsured. I think the most we sent back and forth [at one time] was \$70,000 in cash—in a Jiffy Bag.”

He and Elson would sit down and go over the figures. It could get complex. Each investor had made a separate deal, investing a certain amount at a specified interest rate. To some, Mondavano offered his ice cream deals—increase the investment on short notice, for example, and he could up the points one week. Some

chose to take their gains in cash, some to roll them over. After he and Mondavano went over the books, it was up to Elson to pay off his expanding circle of sub-investors.

As Mondavano’s list of investors in the Washington area multiplied, he began making trips to Los Angeles, expanding his business. That’s where the money is, he told Elson; he was thinking about moving. But there was still one obstacle. Mondavano still had about four years to go on his parole, and he was required to report regularly to a parole officer in Boston. Could Elson do anything to help?

By then, Elson had few illusions about Danny Mondavano, and Mon-

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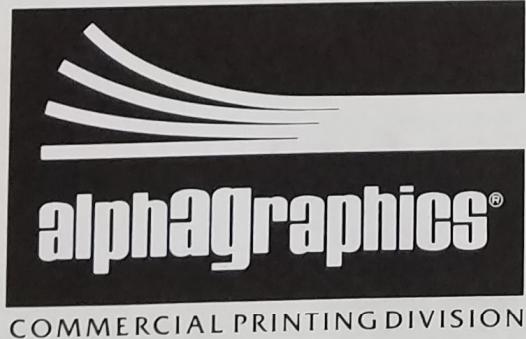
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davano made no secret of his shady past. "He claimed he was connected with the Mafia," Elson said later. Mondavano also claimed to have a "rabbi," a protector in the Mob, according to Elson's grand jury testimony. The rabbi, according to what Elson was led to believe, made it possible for Mondavano to move to California, to move into new Mafia territory. "He was paying this guy about \$25,000 a week for his insurance...." says Elson. "If he had any problems...this is the guy he turned to."

Another investor, a successful businesswoman, originally thought Mondavano was referring to a religious rabbi until she introduced him to a friend who understood the true meaning. "I could have gone under the table I was so embarrassed," she said, "I was so humiliated.... I had told everybody about this rabbi with his congregation in Chicago." The rabbi was eventually busted for fraud in a separate caper and sentenced to prison in 1984. A week before he went to prison, he was arrested again—for shoplifting a newly published book, *Mafia Princess*.

In November 1981, Elson put Mondavano in touch with a friend who had served with the Justice Department. According to Elson, Mondavano paid the contact \$15,000 to unofficially represent his case to members of the parole board. Within a month, the parole restrictions were lifted.

Mondavano was already at work in Los Angeles. His wife Rose and his son had been living there for a while, with a fellow Boston emigré, Dolly Ford. When she opened her home to the Mondavano family, Ford says, she was unaware of Mondavano's criminal past. And when he told her he could double or triple her assets by investing in a variety of deals, she believed him. "I was innocent," she says, "and gave him the money." Like Elson had, Ford ultimately became not only a Mondavano investor but also a broker, introducing friends to the deal.

Within a year, Mondavano was settled in a \$385,000 home on a cul-de-sac in Tarzana. That summer, on July 31, 1983, he gave a wedding shower for his son Dennis' fiancée at a restaurant in Woodland Hills. Among the guests were Dolly Ford, Anne McMeekin, Roy Elson and many other Mondavano investors from both Washington and Los Angeles. It turned out to be a sort of convention, although most of the investors at the party had no idea that among the guests they were chatting with were some fellow money suppliers. They also had no idea that their bubble was about to burst.

THE DEAL GOES BAD

In the weeks following the shower, Mondavano began slipping

behind on his weekly payments for the first time. By September 3, when Dennis was married at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston, scores of investors on the East and West coasts were getting worried. Collectively they had between fifteen and twenty-five millions of dollars riding with Mondavano, Elson judges now, if all the networks of investors are taken into account. Many had invested their entire life savings. "All of a sudden he started coming up short," Elson remembers. "He said he [was] a little short, but [he'd] have it."

When the purple and white Federal Express envelopes started showing up empty (tampered with, Mondavano said), many of the Washington investors looked to Elson for their money. He began borrowing heavily to make the weekly interest payments. "I felt some obligation to all these people who put in their money," he said. "I probably put in \$80,000." He was sliding toward financial ruin. His original investment of \$32,500 had suddenly ballooned to \$112,500 with these extra payments. And always dancing before his eyes was the dream of the big payoff of about \$300,000 if he ever received the money that had been personally promised him in the deal.

By the beginning of October 1983, Elson's fear began slipping into panic. Still hoping that the cutoff was just a temporary problem, and convinced that Mondavano could get the money, that interest would be coming in on his loans, Elson and Anne McMeekin flew to Los Angeles on October 13. Elson was prepared to negotiate. Some of his investors just wanted their original investments back; others would agree to reduced interest rates. Elson also thought about threatening Mondavano with exposure—he had been secretly recording his conversations with Mondavano since 1981.

When they met, Mondavano wasn't encouraging. Too many people had called in their money all at once, he said. And besides, he said in a taped conversation that was later described to the grand jury, he was having trouble with the Mob.

"It's like one family against another family. See, when I came over here I got the OK. Who I got the OK with is out of the picture now.... the Milanos are in now.... They go back all the way with Mickey Cohen.... Now they want their money first, and I'm trying to tell them, look, I can't give you as much as you want. I have to spread it out. One of them understands, but the other is a motherless bastard that...we almost came to blows.... I said, look, you only go down once. I ain't scared of that.... I said I'll blow your fucking brains out...."

Elson, hoping to win Mondavano's confidence and find out who "they" were, offered to provide him with government connections, some-

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thing he could use for "protection." But Mondavano demurred: "That's what they're all afraid of," he said. "If political people come in, they think you're going to become a government witness, and that's what scares everybody, and then [someone in the Mob will] blow everybody away. That's what I don't want. They're liable to blow my wife away, my kid away and blow me away. You know what I mean? Who needs this."

Then, once again, Mondavano returned to the bravado, telling Elson and McMeekin how he stood up to the "young punks" sent by the mob to shake him down. "Hey," he said, as if he were addressing the hoods, "you guys watch 'The Godfather' too much. Forget those days, forget that bullshit, people are only loyal to who pays you.... You guys are only as strong as the guns that you guys got.... You want to kill me, kill me. But remember, and I'm going to tell you, what happens to me happens to you. It may not happen six months, six minutes, but it's going to happen."

Elson and McMeekin left Los Angeles with a promise of partial payment and a warning: "They don't have Chapter 11 on the streets," one of Mondavano's associates told them.

PALM SPRINGS

By December 1983, Elson, nearly broke and being hounded by his angry circle of sub-investors, had reached the breaking point. He made up his mind that Mondavano would pay up one way or another. "I'm coming out," he told Mondavano's son. "Your father better be available, or I'll blow this thing...." A little more than a week before Christmas, Elson dismantled two handguns he owned (a powerful thirteen-shot Browning 9 mm. and a small, easily concealed .25 caliber Beretta), hid them in his suitcase and boarded a plane for Los Angeles. For added protection he took along an off-duty cop as a bodyguard.

Elson met Mondavano at a deli on Ventura Boulevard in Woodland Hills and once again heard Mondavano's hard-luck story: He was cleaned out; he needed more time. Elson gave him until January 15 to come up with the money—by now he was asking for a flat sum of about \$750,000, the total owed him and the dozen or so investors in his one network. He then gave Mondavano a list of dates and times to keep in touch with him.

Elson and his bodyguard had been staying with one of the Los Angeles investors, but after delivering the ultimatum to Mondavano, they decided to change addresses. Elson called an old friend from Washington, who invited them to stay at his house. At first, Elson kept his problems to himself. But when the story came out, to his surprise, his host, a consultant who had worked for Las Vegas interests, said he knew someone who

might be able to help. He picked up the telephone, and a few minutes later, says Elson, a meeting was set up for the following afternoon in Palm Springs with Charles J. Caci, a.k.a. Bobby Milano, nightclub singer, bit player in gangster movies and, according to a Justice Department indictment, a soldier in the Los Angeles Mafia.

Elson knew it was a fork in the road. He could return to Washington or he could pursue Mondavano along a different, more dangerous route. It was time to go for broke, he thought. "I made the decision that night to go to Palm Springs," Elson said later.

The next morning, the off-duty cop-cum-bodyguard flew back to Washington, and Elson and his friend headed down the San Bernardino Freeway to Palm Springs. "The world of music, song, sound is Bobby Milano's oyster...not the whole oyster...the pearl," reads one of Milano's promotional brochures. The meeting at Bobby Milano's house, says Elson, "was almost something right out of 'The Godfather'....

"It was in a great big living room, and we talked for four hours," he said. "Not a drink, no coffee. Long couch. I'm sitting at one end. Behind me [is someone named] Vito, who looks the part of every hood. I told the story, and [Milano] said, 'What do you want us to do about it?'"

Was Mondavano "connected" in Southern California, Elson asked, or was he simply operating as a maverick? If Mondavano was connected, Elson wanted to give Milano a warning. My friends and I, Elson told him, had better not be hurt. "You do not want the heat I can bring to bear," he said.

If Mondavano wasn't connected, continued Elson, if "he was out here cowboyin' on his own...it seems to me you guys have got a real problem; you don't even know what the hell's going on right under your nose."

Milano, Elson said, explained nothing, promised nothing. But he did agree to look into it. He would be in touch, he told Elson. The next day, December 21, Elson flew back to Washington, hoping that his contact with Milano would at least yield some more information on exactly what Mondavano was up to.

For about a month nothing happened. Then on January 23, 1984, Mondavano, while at his usual table in a favorite deli, was "paid a visit" by Bobby Milano's brother, Vincent Dominic (Jimmy) Caci, and Stephen (Big Stevie) Cino, according to Elson's federal grand jury testimony. Caci and Cino, says the Justice Department indictment, are Mafiosi. According to Elson, Cino weighed about 300 pounds and had arms "bigger than my head."

Early the next morning, at 6:20 Pacific Standard Time, Mondavano placed a frantic call to Elson, which

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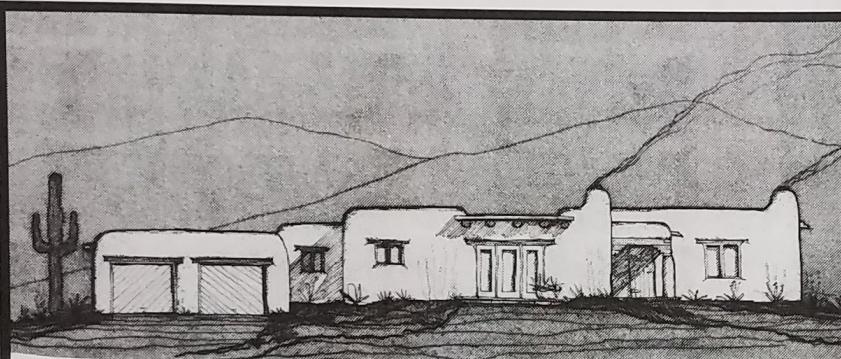
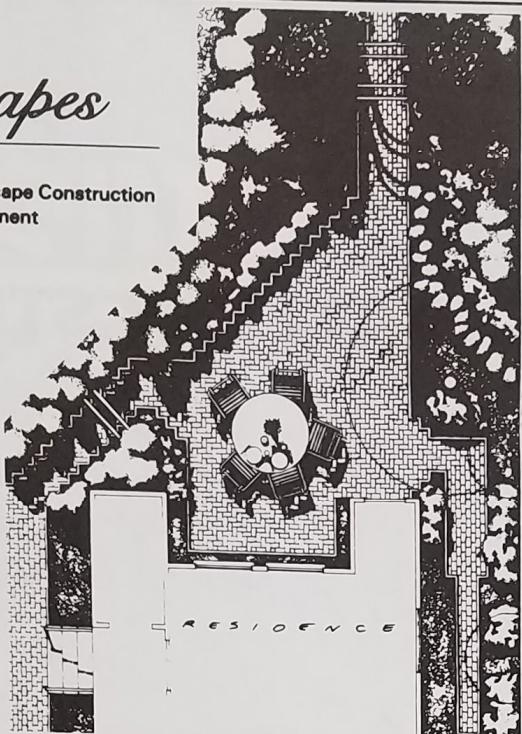
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Elson secretly recorded and played later for the grand jury: "I got called in yesterday from some people," he said. "I had a sitdown yesterday, and your name was mentioned. I hate to tell you what they told me.... I looked like a fucking asshole going in there. I almost got a smash in the fucking face."

"Why did they want to see you?" Elson asks on the tape, sounding innocent.

"Because of the money I owe you and Anne. I mean, you don't know?" Mondavano replies acidly.

Mondavano's voice rises. "They want to burn my fucking house down. They want to slap me in the fucking mouth, everything. How do you do this to me?" he shouts into the receiver. "They want to hurt me!..." he yells. "I, I, I can't take it. They're going to come over here. They're looking to shake me down.... They want me to go out to steal money to give to them, and they'll make arrangements with you."

Then, without mentioning his name, Mondavano brought up his rabbi, who had recently been convicted of mail fraud. "They know that the other guy's out of the...picture; they know that the guy went to the can. Now they're looking to...rape me...."

It's working, thought Elson, listening in Washington.

THE CATCH

As the alleged Southern California Mafia began to get to Mondavano, the U.S. Justice Department's Organized Crime Strike Force began to get to them. On February 21, 1984, according to an FBI wiretap application and affidavit, Lawrence (Larry) Fiato volunteered to become a government informant, and about two weeks later his brother Craig followed suit. The Fiato brothers had been facing potential federal charges in a stolen-securities case, explained Richard Small, a prosecutor in the current trial. During the next two years, again according to the wiretap application, the brothers, wearing hidden microphones, tape-recorded hundreds of hours of conversations with the Mob in Los Angeles, giving federal authorities their first inside look at the structure and makeup of the Southern California "family." The early tapes included mention of the pressure being brought to bear on Mondavano.

Roy Elson, however, was in the dark. He hadn't heard from Milano, and he couldn't find Mondavano. Then, in the middle of March, Elson got a phone call. Bobby Milano wanted to see him in Palm Springs. "I assumed it was about my collection, so I was pretty optimistic." Elson agreed to make the trip and eventually spent a couple of days in Palm Springs meeting with Milano, his brother Jimmy Caci and Big Stevie Cino. "They were going to assume responsibility, they would find the guy, and I

was going to get my money back," says Elson. Then he asked what it would cost.

Instead of charging a hefty fifty percent commission for recovering the money as Elson had expected, they wanted him to do favors for them in Washington. In his grand jury testimony, Elson remembered the kind of favors they had in mind. What could he do for Jimmy Caci, who was headed to jail on a currency-smuggling charge? Did he know the judge? Milano asked.

They were also very much interested in a long-term association. "Down the line," says Elson, "I would be their man in Washington and they could call me when they needed help or something...."

"I was willing to do what...I could do legitimately without crossing that fine line of really...corrupting the system," Elson told the grand jury.

Elson knew he was taking a big chance, getting in deeper. "It worried me," he says. "But at the same time I thought I could handle that. If I got my money back, I'd tell them all to go to hell."

During the next several months, Elson did a few small favors for Milano. He read the transcripts from Jimmy Caci's case and met with a former New York senator, an old friend and the person who had nominated the judge in the case. Over drinks at the Washington Palm restaurant, Elson, without telling him why, pumped the senator for background material on how the judge was nominated. According to Elson's grand jury testimony, his research and thoughts on the situation were of no use—Caci's case was past appeal. Elson did similar checks on laws regarding a hotel in-room bar service that Milano was trying to develop, and he arranged for a lawyer for one of Milano's friends arrested in Baltimore.

At about the same time, the Fiato brothers' tapes show, within the Mob, shaking down Mondavano had become a major priority. They wanted to get to Mondavano through his son. The plan, as outlined in the FBI wiretap application, was to have him grabbed and beaten. Then the word would go out to Danny: "Now you see what happened to your son.... The next time we are going to bury the whole fucking family." Two days later an alleged soldier in the L.A. Mob searched the San Fernando Valley for Danny and Dennis. Several months earlier, the same soldier had allegedly hit a local gambler with a pipe for making derogatory comments concerning Italians.

Once again, Elson was getting antsy. In July, frustrated and angry, he spoke to Bobby Milano in Palm Springs. Milano told him Mondavano, who worried his house might be repossessed because of mortgage problems, had been contacted and warned: "If you think the fucking house is a

problem, you got another guess coming. The house is nothing. You would want to give it away after they come down on you. And we're trying to save you a lot of headaches.... If you don't straighten...out, you have no idea what is liable to happen here. I mean, you've got a lot of people on both sides very, very mad at you—on both sides."

But Milano also said that he and Elson had no understanding, favors or no. "We never cleared any kind of a deal, you and I," Milano said, "other than a favor. I will do a favor. You know, if someone needed to be reprimanded, then I can do that. And I'm, you know, I'm choosing my words very, very carefully." Milano then suggested that they again get together. "You got to talk to me," he said. "You got to cut your deal."

Elson couldn't believe what he was hearing. All of a sudden he was back to square one. He told Milano he would meet with him.

For nearly six months, Elson had been trying to get satisfaction from Mondavano. He had exhausted what little money he had left or could borrow. Worried about the security of his own phone, he would spend hours, in the dead of night, in phone booths around Washington, trying to locate other victims in the Los Angeles area who might have new information. "I was having trouble paying my phone bill," Elson said. "It was running fifteen hundred dollars a month." At one point, some of his neighbors told him later, they began thinking he was heavily involved in a drug ring.

Finally, by the beginning of September, Elson had pulled together enough money to take himself and his bodyguard back to California. But at the meeting with Milano he found there was no deal to be cut. Mondavano had disappeared, and Elson felt that Milano and friends weren't going to find him. Elson decided he would have to find Mondavano himself.

THE HUNT

Throughout September 1984, Elson turned the San Fernando Valley inside out searching for Mondavano. He tracked down other victims, looking for leads. He shared drinks and dinners with members of the L.A. Family in Mob joints along Ventura Boulevard, hoping to discover whether his Palm Springs meetings were producing results. The few hours in between he stayed at Dolly Ford's house, sleeping with his 9 mm. automatic under his pillow.

Eventually, through a contact in Las Vegas, Elson and another victim turned up an acquaintance of Mondavano who, for a fifty percent share plus travel expenses up front, would try to recover their money. Elson gave the operative the name "Bronson."

"He claimed he had this vehicle

that was equipped to extract information," Elson remembers. "And we didn't want to ask too many questions, but I assumed he had his torture chamber in there. If he was really going to work Danny over or kill him, I sure in hell didn't want to know." But after driving his "torture van" to Boston and then to the Florida Keys in search of Mondavano, "Bronson" came up empty.

Next Elson planned a sting. Mondavano would be tricked into a meeting in Mexico, set up for a drug bust and left in jail unless he cooperated with Elson, who would use his Washington connections to free him once everyone's money was returned. But no one could find Mondavano to lure him in.

Finally, Elson spoke to a hit man. He had been introduced to him by a Mob contact. "Bright, well-educated, came out of New Jersey," Elson remembers.

"You want a termination...?" the bright young man asked. "Do you want the guy done in...? I'll pick up this phone right now and I'll make one phone call, and it's done. But you've got to recognize the consequences.... Once I make that phone call, you're in it all the way, 'cause you're the one ordering the hit."

"I don't want any bumping out," said Elson. "I just want my money and the people's money back."

Elson had traveled a long way from his power days on Capitol Hill and his heady Senate campaigns. The final straw came the night someone broke into Dolly Ford's house, apparently looking for him. "People were looking for me," he remembers. "Things were not going too well, and I was out there all by my lonesome. I ran out of resources; I got double-crossed by all those hoods. I got scared, and I finally just got the hell out of town."

THE GAME'S OVER

Elson was back in Washington on October 2, 1984, with barely enough money for cab fare to his apartment. Slowly he made a start at rebuilding his life. He patched up his tattered consulting business, developing a client in the cable industry and, gradually, a few others in broadcasting and other fields. But the ghost of Danny Mondavano refused to vanish.

Elson still received phone calls from people who had invested with Mondavano, looking to get their money back. He heard from victims he had talked to in California, who kept him up to date on new developments. For much of the next year, logs that Elson kept daily were peppered with messages from "Doc," "Birdie" and other code names of those still searching for Mondavano.

Suddenly, the messages from California began to sound alike. One after another, the victims were being

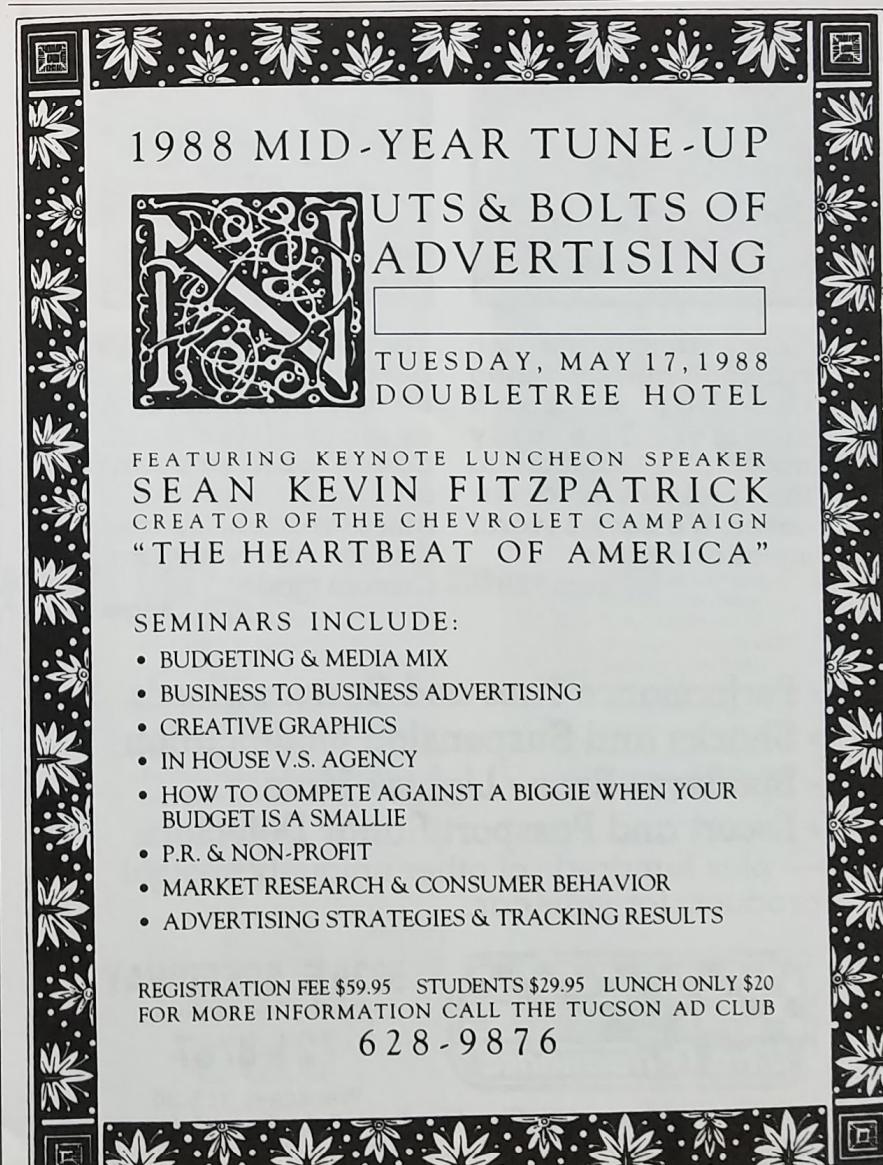


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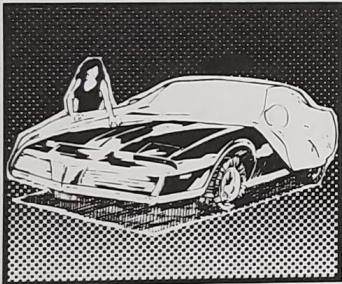
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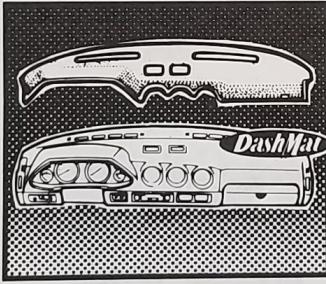


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Elson didn't know whether to be happy or terrified. He worried what the authorities would think of his dealings with Bobby Milano—they were sure to find out about them sooner or later. And as for the possibility that Mondavano would be arrested and tried, thought Elson, if it happened, he could kiss goodbye any lingering hope of recovering his money.

In the summer of 1985, Elson found a message on his phone answering machine. The IRS investigators had come up with his name. "My initial reaction was, 'The game's over. There goes the dough, that's the end of that, and my ass may be in deep, deep trouble.'"

After several nervous days, Elson returned the call. He asked for immunity in exchange for information. The request was denied, but Elson, hoping to maintain some part of his reputation, decided to cooperate fully anyway. Before long, the amazed investigators realized that they had discovered a bounty of evidence not only on Mondavano but on much of the Mob as well. Elson had secretly tape-recorded literally scores upon scores of telephone conversations with Mondavano and many of the alleged Mafia leaders they were currently investigating. In addition, he had kept meticulous notes, including dates, times, names and topics on virtually every meeting and activity he had concerning Mondavano and the Mob.

As soon as it could be arranged, Elson was whisked out to Los Angeles, where he spent three weeks going over his suitcase full of documents and tapes with both the IRS investigators and the federal Organized Crime Strike Force. Then, in 1986, he spent three full days before a federal grand jury.

That, he found, was the easy part. The hard part was going back to Washington and trying to live with the idea that sometime in the future he would be called as a key witness against the Mob. At first he thought it would be only a matter of months. But in the end, he had to wait for two years.

On May 22, 1987, in a press conference in Washington, Attorney General Edwin Meese announced the indictment of "virtually all...the membership of the Cosa Nostra organized crime family in Los Angeles." The scope of the indictment surprised even Elson—many of the Mob family members he had contacted in his hunt for Mondavano and his money were there, charged with racketeering, conspiracy, extortion. But Danny Mondavano was not on the list. Instead, he was listed among the Mafia victims, a target of extortion. But the final surprise was his own name, on the public record. His testimony, the indictment

implied, would be key in extortion charges against eight of the men in the indictment, including Bobby Milano, Jimmy Caci and Stephen Cino.

A short while later, someone dialed his number and left a message: "Just tell Roy that people who talk don't live too long."

Elson made plans to disappear.

LIFE IN HIDING

In a quiet, dimly lit corner of a Mexican cantina in Northridge, Roy Elson sipped slowly on a pungent jalapeño margarita and talked about running. But this time he wasn't remembering the Senate races. Disguised, using an alias and packing a loaded snub-nosed .38 special at his side, and a high-powered rifle in his nearby camper, Elson was running for his life.

Offered placement in the Witness Protection Program, Elson had rejected it. Too confining, he said. He chose to go into hiding on his own, changing his location weekly, sometimes daily. He spent part of the time within an isolated section of the Tehachapi Mountains. And within hours of this meeting in the San Fernando Valley he would disappear once again. He had come out of hiding to tell his story; he would not emerge again until he was called to testify.

Elson's fears are more than justified. According to a letter sent by the FBI to a Washington D.C. judge, "As I am sure you are aware, the LA COSA NOSTRA has a history of violence and intimidation against those who have chosen to testify.... Evidence has already been obtained demonstrating attempts by associates of the organization to locate and intimidate Mr. Elson." Elson knows well that in 1974 another key witness in a trial involving alleged L.A. Mob leaders was shot and killed, together with his wife, a week before he was supposed to testify. Although there were many rumors that it was a contract killing, no charges were ever filed in the case.

It was an anxious and difficult twelve months. "It's ruined my consulting business, my personal life—I don't have one," he said. "My family never knows where I am. I've cut off totally. There's no paper trail, no credit cards; nothing can be traced to me. I've felt very lonely and still feel very lonely. It's not a normal life."

Is it worth it? Elson considered the question in a phone call just weeks before the trial began. Yes, he said, "I skirted into the fringes and got myself into deep trouble. Now I want to protect some other people who may be more gullible than me." Then the regrets emerged. "I should have blown the whistle way back, but I didn't because it was my life savings, my future. I got snookered, and I got greedy."

The future remains Elson's most perplexing problem. "When I get

through testifying, I'm still going to be a little nervous until I find out that all these guys have been put away. I'm scared about some of them. The advice I receive is to be cautious." For just how long, he says, depends on which government official he talks to. "It goes from when I testify, to several months after, to I may never be safe again."

And then there are his unanswered questions. What was the scheme, and what was its connection to the Mob? What happened to the money? Elson estimates he directly invested some \$32,500 with Mondavano and was owed, with Anne McMeekin, around \$285,000 (counting the \$80,000 he threw in at one point to meet the interest due friends in his network of investors). Mondavano paid him a total of \$5,000 and by Elson's calculations owed him \$300,000. Even more important to Elson, what happened to Danny Mondavano—where is he? Elson knows that Rose Mondavano and their son are in Phoenix, but they claim no knowledge of Danny's whereabouts. Elson believes that one day Mondavano will be indicted, but he wonders about the delay. Perhaps, says Elson, the government had given him immunity, and Mondavano will make an appearance at the current trial.

But what if Danny Mondavano is never charged, never indicted?

Elson answers quickly. "I'll get him myself," he says. Then he pauses, considers. "I went on one Rambo hunt; I doubt I'll do it again. I don't enjoy living this way."

One day in late March, Bobby Milano, James Caci and Steve Cino struck a deal with the prosecutors and pled guilty to extortion. Their sentences ran twelve to eighteen months. Late that night, Roy Elson received the news. He sat in a stuffed chair with his gun nearby in a briefcase and thumbed through a thick copy of the original indictment. He has been on the run and in fear for his life almost as long as the convicted will spend in the joint. He wonders what the past year of flight was all about. He wonders until four a.m. when sleep finally comes. A week later he testifies and within a day all the defendants plead guilty. The first part of the nightmare is over. But he knows he is still a target. And no one can tell him when that possibility ends. □

—The Editor

James Bamford, author of *The Puzzle Palace*, an examination of the highly secret National Security Agency, specializes in investigative writing. He is currently at work on a new book. A version of this story appeared in Los Angeles Times Magazine.



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WILBUR THE WILDCAT

the family album

BY JANET MITCHELL AND LESLIE JOHNSTON

If it hadn't been for a shutout defeat by Occidental College, the University of Arizona athletic teams might still be called the "Aggies." Instead of crimson red and Yale blue, the school colors might have remained sage green and silver.

And Wilbur Wildcat would never have been born.

"The Arizona men," wrote a correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times* in 1914, "showed the fight of wildcats." The UA football team had just been defeated by Occidental College 14 to 0. During the bus ride back to Tucson, the team voted unanimously to change their name to "Wildcats." The official school colors were changed about a decade later.

In 1949, UA student Bob White created a Looney Tunes-style character to depict the university's mascot. And like anyone approaching forty, Wilbur has gone through a few changes.

Given the won-lost record of some past UA seasons, perhaps the original cartoon kitty was appropriate. Today, the bold-line drawing of a growling wildcat features fangs that could take off a faceguard. Obviously, things are a bit more promising.

Janet Mitchell is a Tucson freelance writer. Leslie Johnston is the Tucson graphic designer who designed the current Wilbur (below).

'68-'85



'68-'80

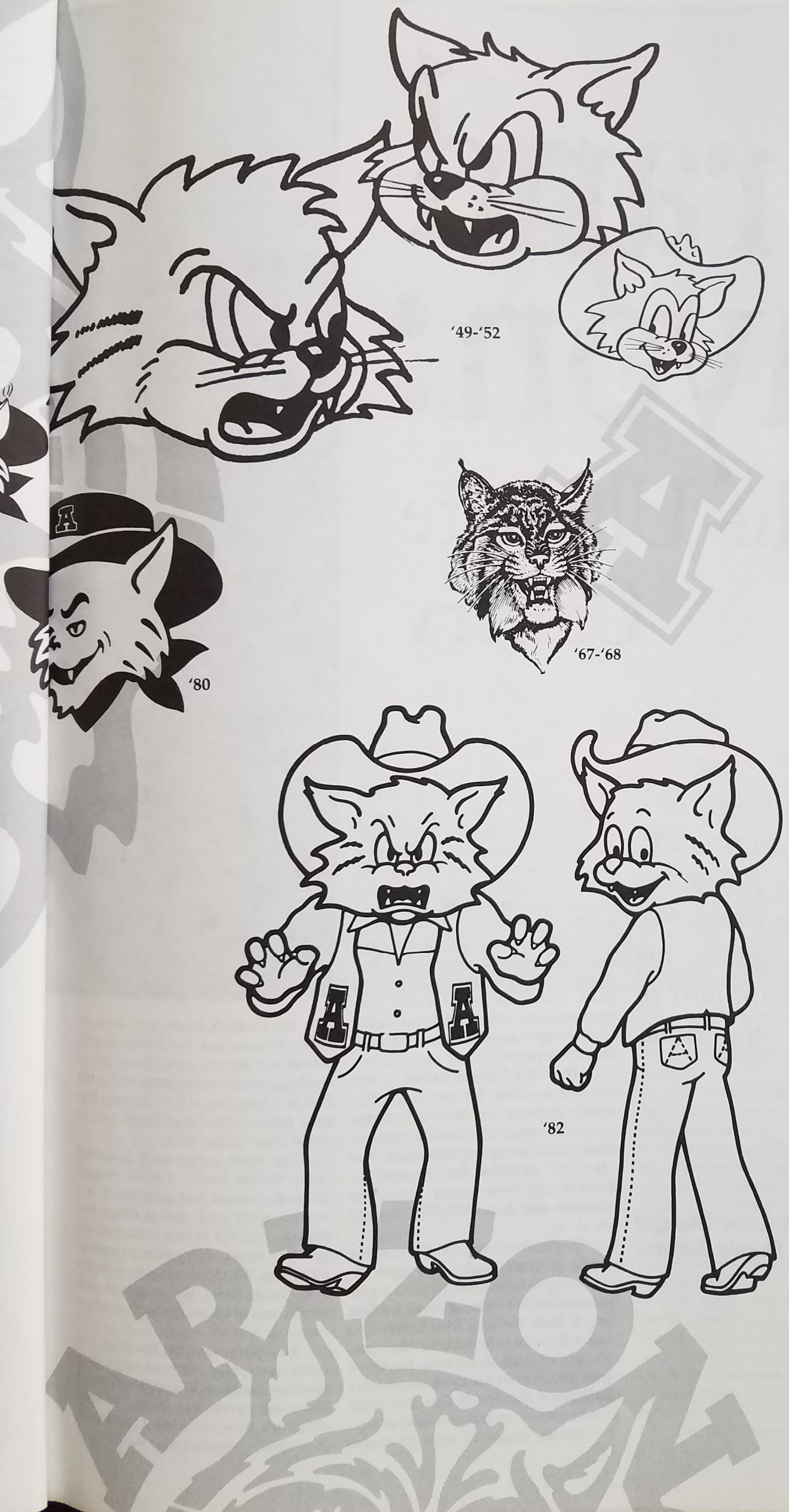


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Grand Canyon: The Ultimate Gallery

*Shoshone Point
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opening, until you
consider the
Canyon part of
the show.*

By Lew Steiger
Photo by Dugald Bremner

Recently, against long odds, Ruthann Murray Stoner completed a large and impressive art installation at Shoshone Point, on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. The installation was about change, about transformations in us and the world we inhabit.

Ruthann never did come up with just the right name for the work, but there were forty-one sculptural forms in all, spread out over roughly one-third mile. The forms cost about \$2,500 of Ruthann's own money and took months to prepare.

"The Piece," as she called it, was allowed to stand for one day, after which all but a couple of the forms were destroyed. A question came to mind on viewing Ruthie's piece. Not "Is it art?" or "What does it mean?"—those things were pretty clear. The question was just "Why?" Why did she do it?

Shoshone Point is available to the public by permit only. No signs announce its existence, and a locked gate guards the half-mile dirt road leading into it from the East Rim Drive. You can ride a bicycle around the gate, though, or walk in on foot. For those who live or work amid the day-to-day hubbub of the South Rim, the point has become something of a retreat.

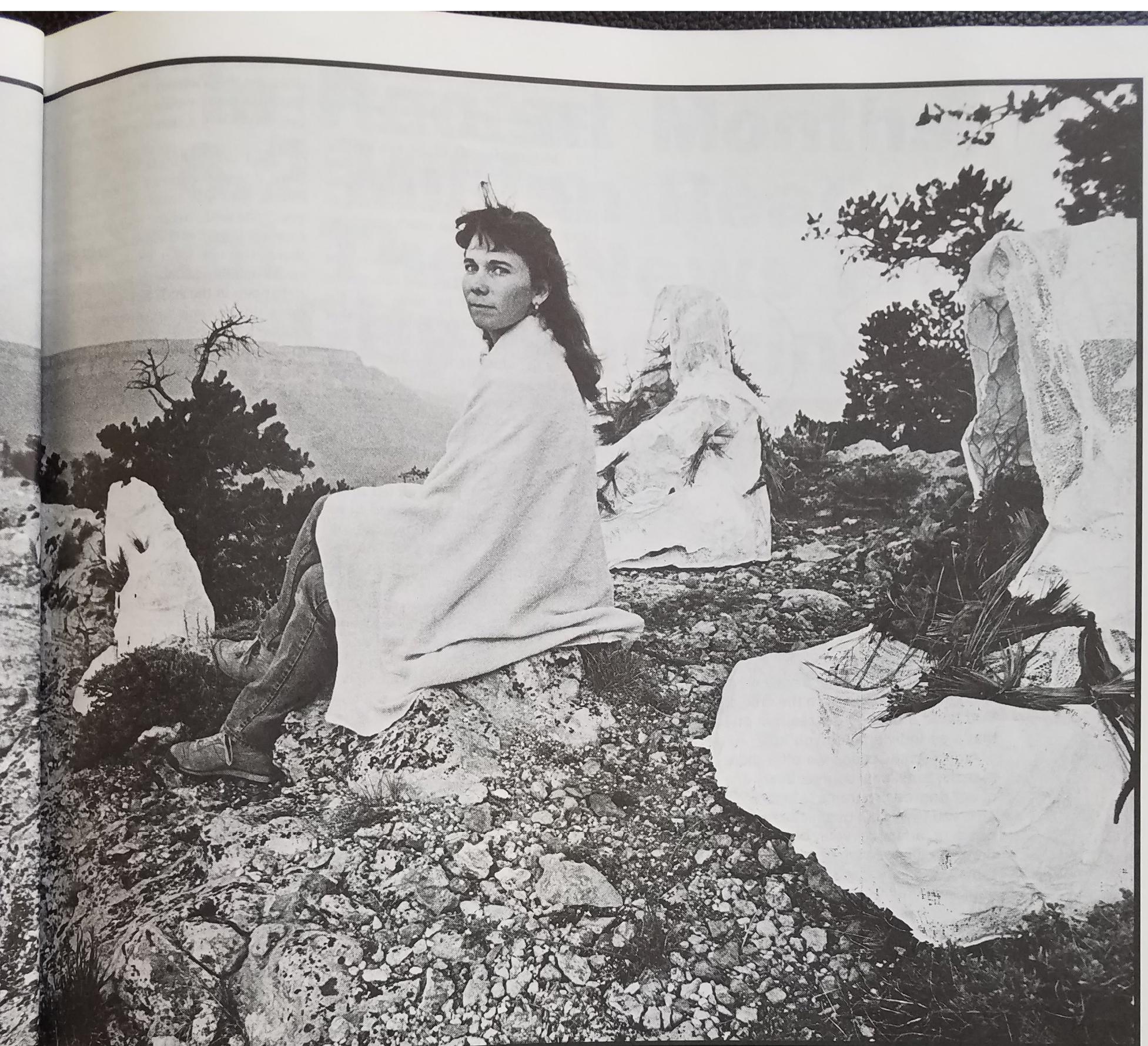
A thin finger of rock protrudes



into the Canyon there, and from its outer tip you can see Hance Rapid, which is a serious one. Hance lies at the head of the inner gorge and is the first in a long line of the Canyon's biggest rapids. It's a significant spot to those who run the river.

The inner gorge itself is carved from Vishnu Schist, a black stone—gnarled, twisted and polished. It is a metamorphic rock that is either two billion years old or four thousand, depending on whether you're a creationist or not. Whatever you are, it makes you think about the origin of this world, and of us, and so forth. And the meaning of it all.

You can't stand on the point and open your eyes without soon confronting the sense of how short man's time on earth has been, or our country's time, or most importantly, how short your own time is. People



seem to go to Shoshone Point when they face serious questions. They get married there, or decide to. Or they decide to get divorced, or change jobs, or quit doing drugs, or start on that novel. Sometimes, after having lived in the Grand Canyon and being changed greatly by it, they decide to leave.

Ruth Murray got hooked on the Grand Canyon in 1978. Raised in Bisbee, she comes from a ranching background and landed a job as a Park Service mule-packer. Her assignment was to haul supplies to the Hermit's Rest Ranger Station, down on the Tonto Platform.

In 1981, she was hired as a cook with the River Unit, and not long after that, she became a boatman and began to row for a living on Park Service patrol trips. With the River Unit, Ruthie ran forty-one river trips through the

Canyon. On the last ten she was the leader. She spent some eighty weeks, almost two years of her life, on the river, and half of eight more years on the rim or in the middle reaches of the place. For Ruthie, the Grand Canyon was a serious addiction.

Last year she married Jon Stoner, a commercial boatman who also works in the Canyon. She resigned from the Park Service and moved to Flagstaff.

Absence made the heart do what it does so well. Ruthie had dreams about the Canyon. She kept remembering Shoshone Point. As a winter-time student in the Fine Arts Department at the University of Arizona in Tucson, she'd often pondered the power of the point, and daydreamed about doing an art piece there. Now that she'd left the Canyon, the significance it had for her was brought into

focus, and it became clear that between her own very private self and the Canyon, there was unfinished business.

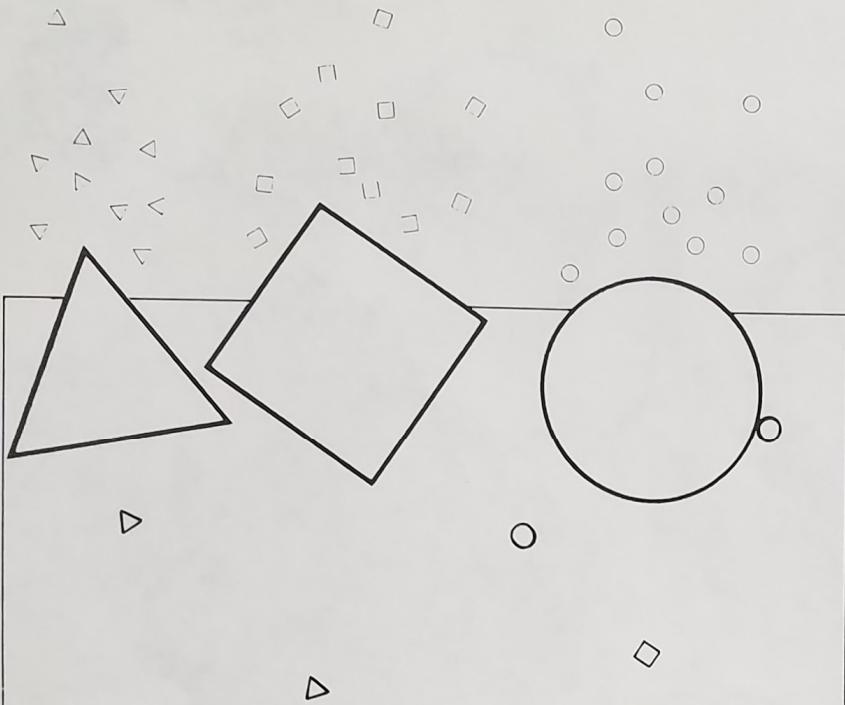
She wrote Richard Marks, the Park Superintendent, and asked for permission to do this work of hers, to make this gesture. Marks' office denied permission. They get many such requests, and if they let Ruthie do her piece, others would want to follow. Ruthie took a deep breath and went to see Marks in person. She got permission to set the thing up, for one day only. On the QT.

The piece started in the woods, out of sight from the rim. You had to start at the gate and walk in on foot to see it. It began with indigenous materials—small mounds of earth and pine needles, which gradually gave birth to other forms as you approached the rim. The forms were like little clouds

at first, and then gradually they took shape. They were like ghosts. Like the ghosts of people. The ghosts were sitting down, they were looking at the Canyon, they were lost in thought.

I traveled through Ruthie's piece at sunset, first looking at the forms themselves. Some of them sat in groups; others were alone. A few were frivolous, some were calm, many seemed sad. It was quiet then, and the breeze sifting through the pines only punctuated the heavier silence that seemed to wrap itself around the forms.

I kept walking and thought of change in a personal sense: Ruthie's, mine, all of ours. It's been that kind of year—marriages are dropping right and left, river companies are being sold, the state's in political turmoil. Elsewhere, they're blowing up ships in the Persian Gulf, killing missionar-



HOW TO RISE TO THE TOP

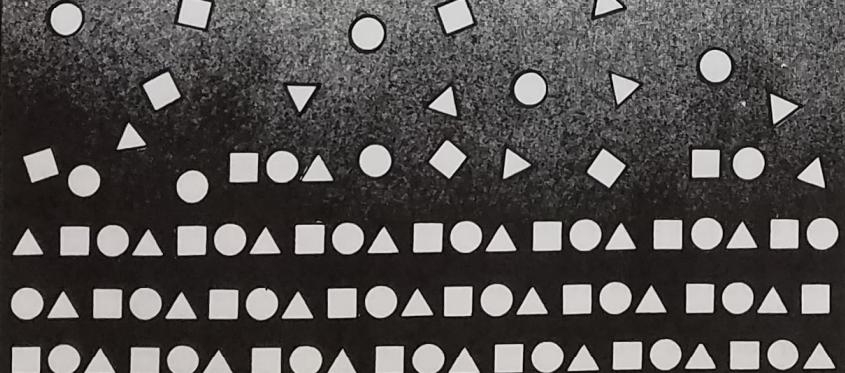
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ies in Nicaragua, mujahedin in Afghanistan. The stock market is wobbling, the Federal deficit is swelling, the nuclear arms race continues.

Meanwhile, all of us are getting older, and it's hard these days to find someone who says we're just naturally getting better. Maybe we're getting smarter, but that one's questionable.

Finally I stood on the end of Shoshone Point and looked down. The sun had dropped by then, and the Canyon was illuminated by light that settled as gray and soft as mist. Far below sat one last form, peering out into the space before it. I looked out at what the form watched, and it hit me in a flash that here was the end of the piece, the actual space before me.

Ruthie's piece had a beginning, and it grew in a line from that, and here was the end. It had all led up to this one form, which happened to be sitting there looking at two billion years' worth of time and miles upon miles of empty space. Definitely something to sit down and ponder. It made me think of that first conquistador, Cardenas, decked out in all his armor. Surely he'd had to sit a minute, too.

The hard thing to swallow at the moment was that here was a nice piece of work, which had taken a lot of thought and time and sweat to bring about. It was conceptual art on a grand scale, and it worked. It got to

the heart, like the Statue of Liberty does, or the Vietnam War Memorial. But this piece would only stand for one day. Only a handful would ever see it.

So I asked Ruthie why she had done it, and she gave a patient reply. "Well, you get these things inside you," she said, "where really the most important part of them is that you do them. It's not what happens in the end. I mean, who knows what's going to happen in the end? But meanwhile, these things come up where the only choice you have is either to do the thing or not, and what matters most, I think, is that you do it. You just go ahead and do that work anyway, and you do the best you can with it."

It got me, of course. Right then, the notion just slayed me.

"How's that again, Ruthie?" I asked. "Give me that one more time."

Ruthie just smiled and shrugged. Then she turned and looked off Shoshone Point, and kind of gazed awhile. She was looking out somewhere, out past that forty-first form.

Lew Steiger and Dugald Bremner are river guides in the Grand Canyon. Bremner lives in Flagstaff and has recently published a cross-country ski book with Northland Press. Steiger has published fiction in Northern Arizona Life and in Playboy magazine.

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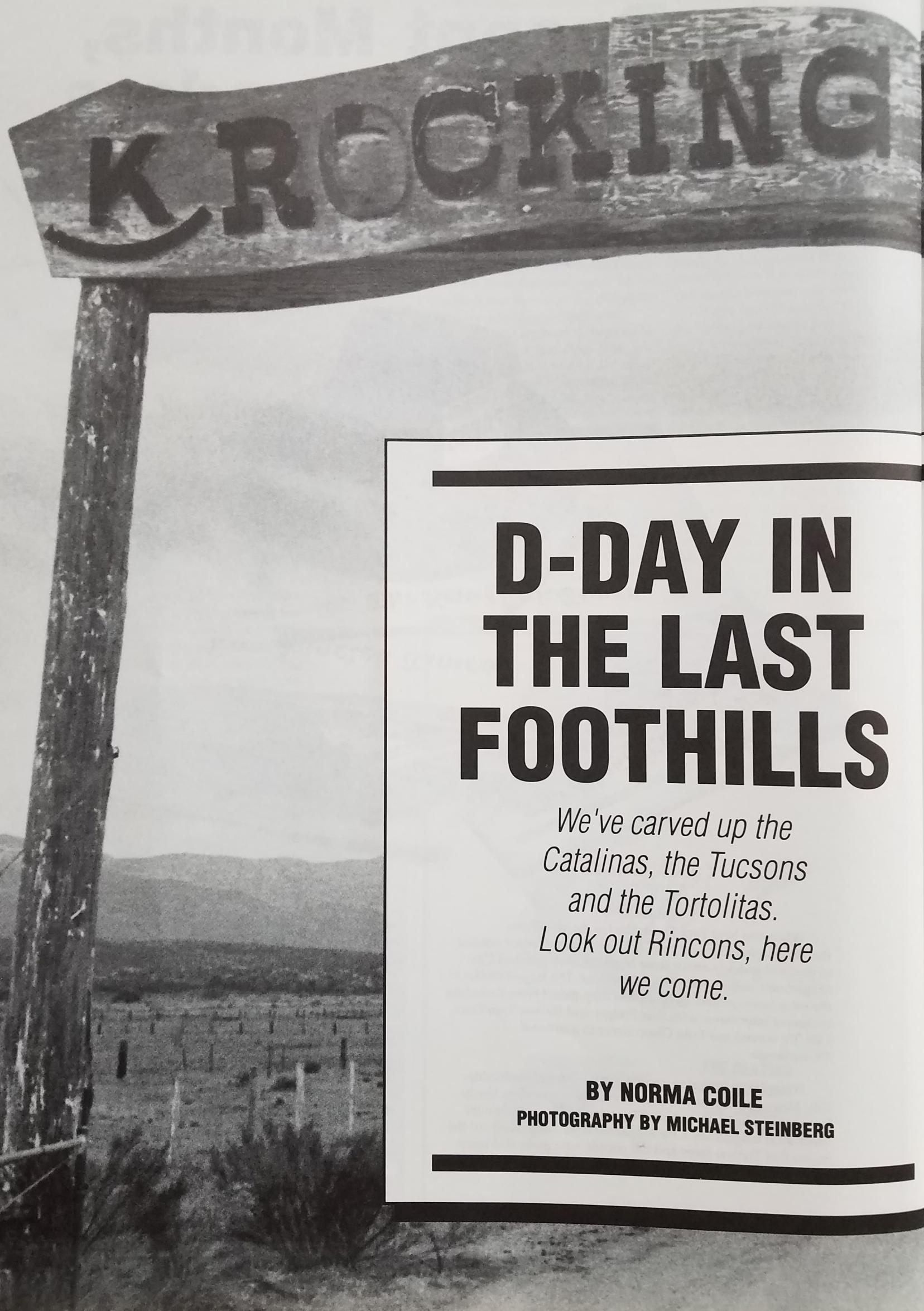
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D-DAY IN THE LAST FOOTHILLS

*We've carved up the
Catalinas, the Tucsons
and the Tortolitas.
Look out Rincons, here
we come.*

BY NORMA COILE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL STEINBERG



Step through the Estes Company's barbed-wire fence into the last stretch of undeveloped foothills in the Tucson basin. Crunching under my feet is the high desert of the Rocking K Ranch, neighbor to Saguaro National Monument East and the likely future home of at least one destination resort and master-planned community. It is a war zone in the making. This is a battle between our two selves: our love of empty land and our need to place ourselves in that emptiness and threaten what we love.

At the turn of this election year, a divided Pima County Planning & Zoning Commission (P&Z) authorized Estes to revise an old land-use plan for the sixty-square-mile Rincon Valley, the sparsely populated expanse between Saguaro Monument East, Vail and Colossal Cave. Included is the Rocking K, which Estes plans to develop, a tract that takes up about one-sixth of the Valley.

"The fox is planning the henhouse," charged some alarmed residents. Then, as if to confirm their wildest fears, Estes executive Kim Richards cited census tracts and CAP projections that suggest up to 174,000 people may transform the Rincon Valley in coming decades. Estes has enough water for some 30,000 on Rocking K.

The current county plan for the area is undeniably bad, allowing inappropriate industrial sites and endless

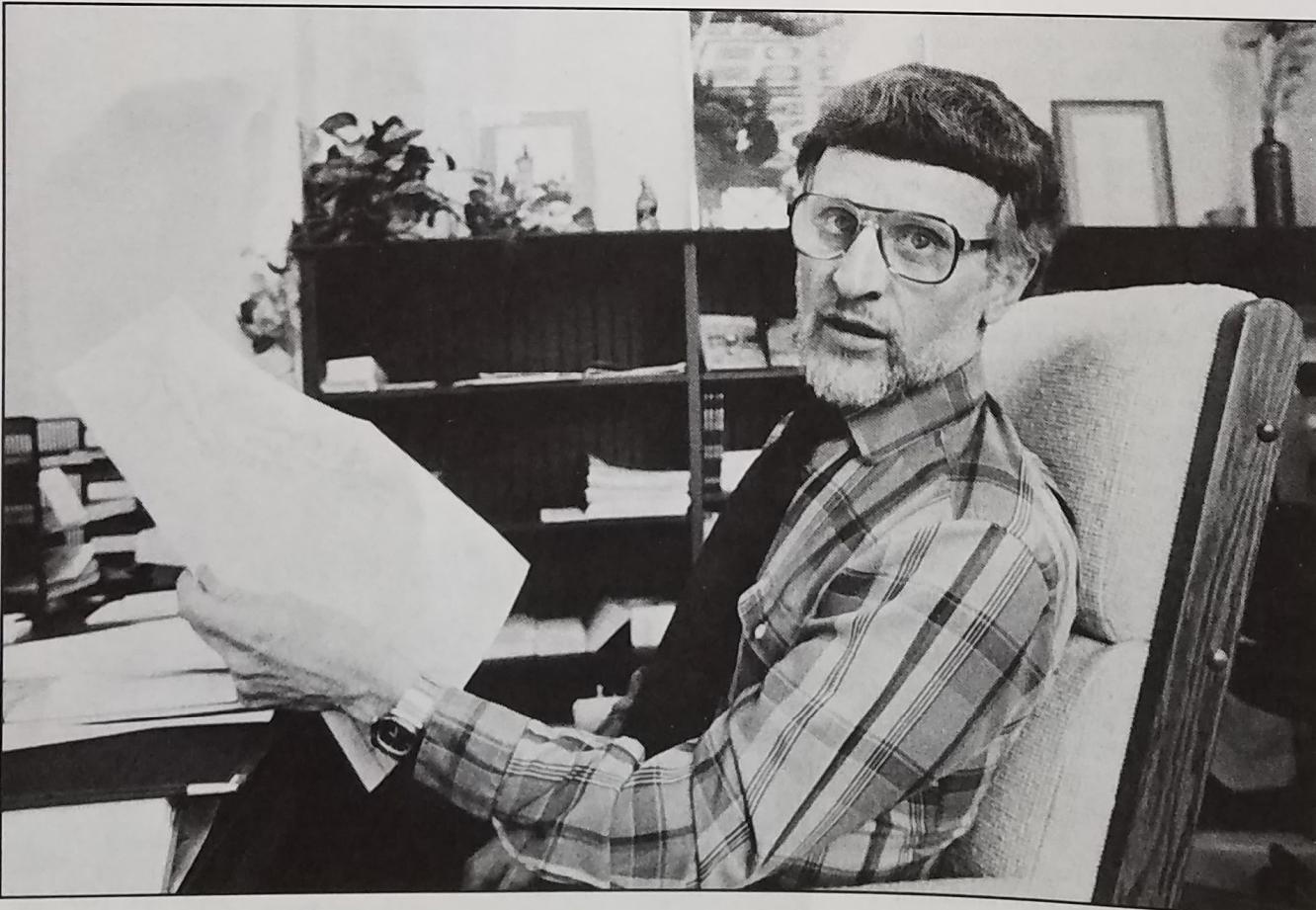
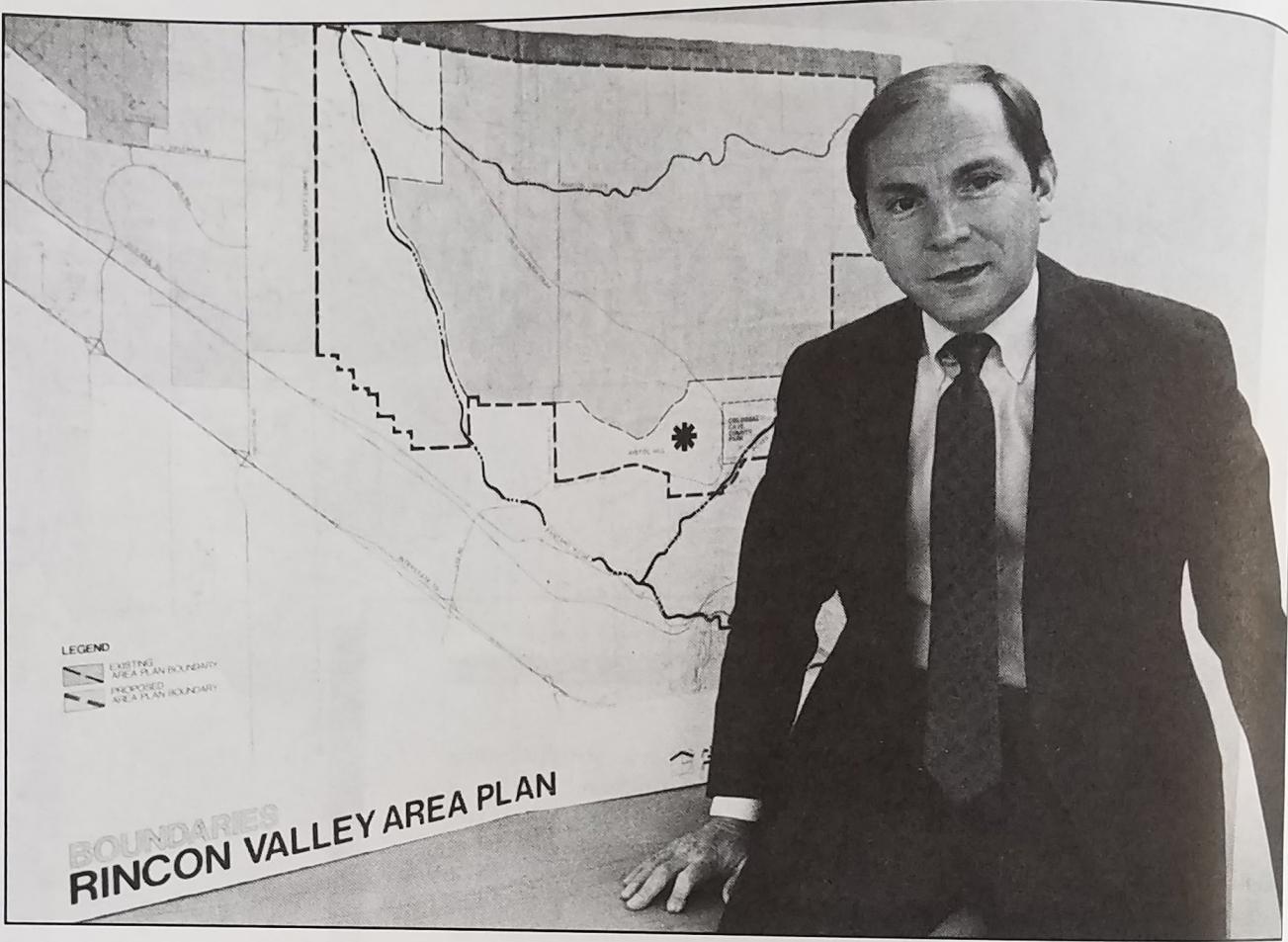
sprawl—the generic southwestern gridscape with commercial strips at every one-mile intersection. The county doesn't have the money to update it. So the county asked Estes to and Estes agreed to spend \$1.5 million on planning and environmental consultants. Such partnerships of public and private interests have resulted in very successful plans at Rancho Vistoso and the award-winning Empirita Ranch, says Bob Johnson, county director of planning and development services. But this time a developer is not planning simply its own property and the immediate land around it, but an entire area.

In the Valley I see sides of the Rincons not visible from Tucson. Foothills roll down to a flat green pasture with brown dollops of cattle and a weathered fence of broad Xs. There is a funky old sign with a huge covered wagon, a silver barn and a general store with antique red gas pumps dating to 1938. Low-density suburban homes dot the ridges to the south of the huge, empty Rocking K. A couple of bicyclists in bright red and yellow jerseys race past and a heavy-duty pickup pulls a horse trailer. Parked on the side of the road is a small recreational vehicle with Michigan plates. Out of it pops a winter visitor in turquoise shorts who bends down to collect rocks.

The decisions to be made here are not easy. Bill Paleck, superintendent of Saguaro National Monument, is a

Right: Chris Monson, Estes project manager for the Rocking K, says the developer has some great ideas. "What matters is the quality of what is inevitable," he says.

Below: Ken Lauter, spokesman for the Rincon Valley Coalition, contends Estes has a conflict of interest in planning the Rincon Valley.



seasoned, thoughtful hand at juggling the competing goals of preservation and public access. A homeboy, he has recently returned from several years in the Alaskan wilderness to purchase an older suburban home on Tucson's East Side. "We were ready for sidewalks, the whole bit," so his children would no longer have to be driven miles and miles over bush roads just to see another kid, he explains. When he was in high school twenty years ago, he and his classmates used to park in the vacant desert where Park Mall squats today. Now the kids have to go to the end of Speedway, where Saguaro Monument begins.

He sees this as the clash of two American dreams—our desire to own a comfortable suburban home and to make a good living, colliding with our hope of setting aside nearby wilderness to show that we are a people generous and confident enough not to exploit the whole of the land.

I walk into the hills of the Rocking K on a narrow dirt road that follows a small wash. Tied to a mesquite branch, like a tourniquet on a snakebit leg, is a surveyor's ribbon of burnt

orange. uses the ety of bi even if monum timent to cess. Life

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orange. No one is sure what wildlife uses the wash, other than a rich variety of birds. Paleck noted earlier that even if this land belonged to the monument, there would be some sentiment to pave the road for public access. Life in an urban basin is a balancing act.

Far below me, to the east, a wooly swath of cottonwoods, like the long arms of a bright green sweater, banks Rincon Creek, which runs with water most of the year. To the south are the Santa Rita mountains. I can easily see their rocky, landmark outcropping near Amado, and Mexico seems close. Tucson seems so much farther away than it is.

Some people believe Estes wants to put a resort on this spot. Estes officials, understandably cautious about setting off more alarms, are maintaining that they still don't know exactly what sort of development will be appropriate for the Rocking K. But I glance behind, to the smooth, white gash of a canyon slicing up the rocky mountainside, crossing the invisible boundary of the monument. And it fits.

Ten years from now, guests of the next version of Estes' Ventana Canyon resort and country club may be sucking in their breath at this beauty, just as I am now.

THE FOLKS

"Tucson is an Estes companytown."—T-shirt worn by Rincon Valley residents, 1988.

Supervisor Reg Morrison found out fast about the colorful, free-spirited character of the Rincon Valley. His political career may hinge on its future.

It's a mix of multi-millionaires with mansions and helicopters, blue-collar workers with mobile homes on five acres, university professors and downtown commuters with ranchettes and horses, young mothers and New Agers raising their kids with fresh air and 4H, screenwriters, architects and photographers working out of their rustic forty-acre spreads, IBMers just twelve minutes from the plant, working cowboys who spend their days on the open range, land speculators who rarely show their faces, genteel conservationists with quiet political clout.

In recent years the Valley has recalled its school board members, stubbornly turned down school bonds, suffered a nasty split over fire-district taxation, and waged its own range war when one subdivision succeeded in prohibiting cattle from wandering into its driveways and yards. No one in the Valley wanted to believe that the sunbelt city would arrive full throttle.

Last February, Morrison tried to placate 150 worried residents at the

Vail school. Hands fidgeting, he told them: a committee of your neighbors has been appointed, and Estes won't have a vote on it even though it owns 6,000 acres out here; the county is committing two of its planners to oversee the Estes consultants; the best land-use plans we've had in the past few years have been done by outside planners; we've finally reformed the system so the planning department isn't dependent on development fees....

One reason for revising the area plan, he went on to suggest, is "when there's a big developer like this coming in here, we're not gonna give him all of the development in his area. We

want to spread it out over this whole valley."

"No we don't. You do," yelled a woman, and the audience buzzed with support for her.

"Did you hear that, Mr. Representative?" a man called out. "Why don't you put a moratorium on it until you get a comprehensive plan for the whole county, and then we can take a look at it as a whole instead of piece, piece, piece?"

"We can't put a moratorium on it," Morrison said. "They've been trying to come up with a comprehensive plan for fourteen years. It would go on forever. And then you wind up in the courts."

The supervisor was asked who pays for sprawl, but the crowd answered for him: We do, when our property values go up, and our taxes go through the roof, and our quality of life declines.

"No," countered Morrison, "if there's going to be any infrastructure out here, the cost will be passed on by the developer to the people who buy houses, not you."

"Who told you that?" and "What are you smoking, dude?" he was mocked.

Now it was Rocking K project manager Chris Monson's turn to be grilled. What is Estes' time frame for development?

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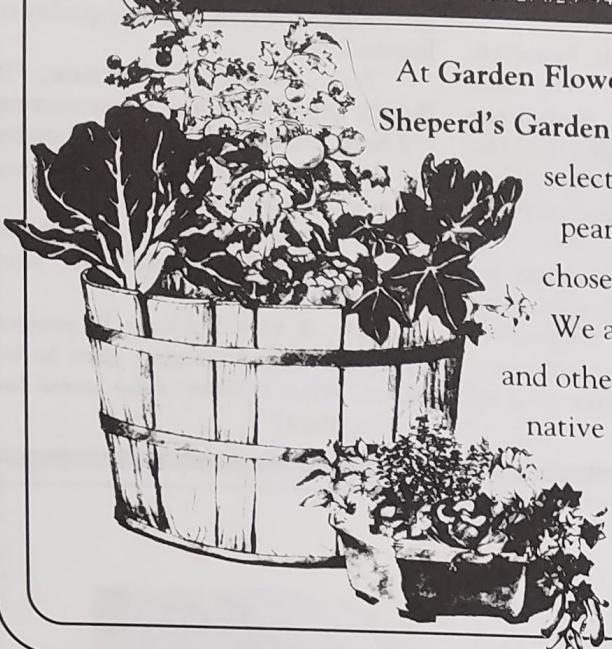


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"Until the plan is finished, we really can't answer," he quietly demurred.

"We're scared as hell this is going to turn into another Oracle Road," someone pleaded. "After twenty years of desecration in the foothills, I really feel like it's kind of an insult to this community to say that now we ought to be able to give the developer a lead position in planning a whole valley."

Pima County's proposed buffer ordinance, which would put severe restrictions on development within a mile of the monument and forest lands in an effort to protect their flora and fauna, was blasted by a woman. "It's Communism," contended a heavy, weathered old man in a checkered western suit. "A socialistic trend," nodded a tall, lean young man in Levis and cowboy boots.

The meeting lurches completely out of control. "Have you ever noticed," a man in a pearl-snapped suit

wood stand). If growth farther out is indeed inevitable, there are many who believe the Rincon Valley could certainly do worse than Estes. "I understand the initial emotionalism: 'that's the big bad developer and we have to go after him,'" Estes executive Kim Richards acknowledged publicly at one point. "That's the way it was in the old days, and I think people are trying to change that. In my view, it's a new world."

And that new world, with its emerging ethic for the land, is exactly what the confrontation in the Rincon Valley is about. In many ways, it is not about Estes at all; the hometown developer simply has the misfortune of being caught in these times.

Estes could simply come in and do an isolated plan or rezoning request for its 6,000 acres, leaving the rest of the Valley to contend with the bad 1970 area plan. But they say they don't feel a piecemeal development future is

"Is it inevitable that because it is a unique and pristine and beautiful environment that people will desire to live there? That's pretty inevitable."

demanded, "all those who are strongly for abortion have already been born?"

"That's true," nodded Morrison, a well-meaning man, in way over his head.

The next day he earnestly returned to his office to talk the P&Z chairman into adding a couple of his critics to the citizens' committee. He had to be wondering if this thing would turn into his La Paloma—the Catalina foothills project that contributed to the defeat of Supervisor Katie Dusenberry in 1984.

THE COMPANY

"We've gathered information on hydrology, vegetation and wildlife. We're developing workbooks on viewsheds, on colors and textures and those kind of things, to preserve a lot of what's there."

—Chris Monson, Estes Company

Estes officials seem frustrated that they're under fire so early in the Rincon Valley. They're proud of the environmental sensitivity of their Ventana Canyon and La Reserve projects in the Catalina foothills, which they hold out as models they hope to improve upon when they break ground at Rocking K (though they never mention the environmental controversy over their subdivision in a Northwest Side iron-

the way to enhance the appeal and value of their own property, or anyone else's, so they are answering the county's call. They feel they're trying to do something good for the Rincon Valley, by offering a high-quality, comprehensive framework for growth they maintain will happen, like it or not, over the next sixty to ninety years. An area plan, they stress, is not zoning; that's set later by elected officials.

Twenty years ago, a developer could have come in and pasted an unimaginative grid across the land—topography, washes and wildlife be damned. In the past, Rincon Valley was flirted with by a major industrial firm, a sanitarium builder and a high-density subdivider (who obtained some rezonings in the early '70s that still threaten the low-density lifestyle in some parts). The Valley got a reprieve when growth suddenly shifted from the East to the Northwest, and because Rocking K was tied up in various legal battles until recently.

Trying to negotiate this battlefield, Richards, president of Estes' recreational properties and hotel division, met with residents in January and offered a general explanation of what may be in store for the Rocking K. "My personal vision right now, absent the community input that we want from area residents, is a master-planned community that will have mixed uses. In my vision right now,

there will be substantial recreational uses, employment opportunities, a mix of housing, and, hopefully, it will create a sense of lifestyle that you people have come to value. It has to be attractive; people have to want to come here to live." When employment centers and shopping are offered within such a "satellite city," he said, trips across the Tucson basin can be reduced and air quality improved. His division generally builds communities around a golf course, resort, hotel or country club, he added, but said there were no specific plans yet.

Chris Monson, a former banker and assistant to the mayor of Phoenix, serves as project manager of Rocking K for Estes. Pleasant-faced and softspoken, in counterpoint to Richards' brusque intensity, he sat down in an East Side conference room recently and talked about the Rincon Valley.

He has been meeting with neighbors and listening, Monson said. "We have 6,000 acres out there, and that's a motive. We're out there to do the best we can do in a balanced kind of a plan to make the project something we can be proud of aesthetically, economically and politically."

The developer has some great ideas, Monson said, but "I'm holding those ideas, frankly. I'm really not going to say, because at this point, if you get into that, you compromise a [community input] process.... But we look at some of the things like our Ventana Canyon. We say, do we have a commitment there to open space? Yes. Do we have a commitment there to preservation of the natural environment? Probably second to nothing that's been done in Southern Arizona."

He knows some residents are concerned about the non-Estes

buildout of townhomes, condos and office buildings around the resort at Ventana. "It's a balancing act, to not deprive the creativity of other developers who are obviously going to come in, because the probability of one developer building every vertical product...on 6,000 acres is very remote. But the builders have to function within some fairly tight restraints, and they have to have architectural approval. When we get in the Rincon Valley, there may very well be a council or institute of some type established to help review that."

Estes will follow the county's new goals and objectives for its elusive comprehensive plan, which should reassure residents, he suggested. He said all of this will be made public once the work is complete and checked for accuracy.

"What matters," he said, "is the quality of what is inevitable. Is it inevitable that you have fifteen units per acre all the way to the Rincon Mountains? I don't think so. Is it inevitable that because it is a unique and pristine and beautiful environment that people will desire to live there? That's pretty inevitable. It is inevitable that people will be able to develop their property, unless one of two things happen. Either someone buys it from them and pays the price, or we make the environment so unattractive that people no longer want to be there, which is pretty self-destructive."

There are those who suggest that the whole area should forever be zoned "suburban ranch," which would separate each housing unit by just under four acres, Monson noted. That's appropriate in some parts of the Valley, he said. "But if we're concerned about habitat and vegetation and percolation, you'll find that SR is not necessarily the most ideal zone,"

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he added. "I could show you pictures of people's homes out there, where people have an SR zone and they fenced the perimeter and turned some horses or other animals loose on it, and all that desert fauna that they're making all the to-do about—which we're committed to preserving—is destroyed. I could show you place after place after place there where the palo verde trees are taken back to raw stump and the bark's chewed off, where the cactuses are trampled down and the dust adds to the air pollution when the wind comes up."

Monson is optimistic that people can sit down and work out their differences. "I heard it said in one of my former lives that our social responsibility is to make a profit. And a lot of people think that's a very crass thing to say. But the fact is, if you cease to make a profit, you cease to be. You cease to be a taxpayer, and you cease to contribute hundreds and

hundreds and hundreds of hours to community activities—contributions I think we at the Estes Company can be very proud of. Sometimes those things aren't understood, but they're a lot of the benefits that the community is quietly receiving."

THE LAST VALLEY

"I think you would be real hard-pressed to find land like this in Arizona. Putting aside the wilderness area that we've got on two sides, where are you going to find the water, the low-density, undisturbed environment, and still be this close to a major urban center?"

—Lynn Harris, resident of Rincon Valley

We have choices to make here.

Ken Lauter lives in a suburban-ranch subdivision

sion south of Rocking K. He is a bearded, slight, university associate dean who orders vegetarian, has all-natural toothpaste from Maine in his bathroom, spends his spare time reading about ground-water depletion in the West and writes poetry about the mystical pull of the desert. One of those people with horses on his three acres that Monson complains about, he has been bird-dogging Estes officials and rallying their neighborhood opposition for months—ever since he accidentally learned that the company had "snuck" to P&Z at Christmastime to set the area-plan revision in motion. Mere mention of his name puts tight expressions on faces of Estes people.

The feeling is mutual: Lauter has in his study a drawing of a battleship named *Sprawl*, sailing under dollar-sign flags and gunning down the desert. Generally, however, he displays more humor in his role as spokesman for the fifty-three-member Rincon Valley Coalition, a neighborhood organization that advocates low densities and contends that Estes has a "conflict of interest" in developing both a piece of property and an area plan for the Rincon Valley that surrounds it.

Here is how he describes his breakfast meeting a few months ago with Kim Richards at Ventana country club: "There we are in his private corner, all sunny and skylighted, having croissants and coffee. And he just starts right off, demanding to know if I'm coming at this out of political ambition. Because if you are, all the rules change. And there are no secrets in this town, so you'd better tell me, now! I said, I think I'll have a croissant before I answer that. You know, get out of my face!"

(Lauter acknowledges he may end up running for the board of supervisors, at the urging of others, "out of sheer pique." Richards, meanwhile, has declined to talk to *City Magazine* about his view of things.)

Later on, Lauter and a few others were invited to a presentation by about thirty Estes people and consultants, all of them in serious corporate suits, at a Williams Centre conference room. "The main pitch they made was this had to be a dialogue about quality of life, that everybody talks about it and nobody knows what it means. And I thought, 'Oh my god, we're all in an est seminar.'"

The next time he wasn't invited, but crashed an Estes neighborhood meeting at Webb's Steakhouse on Old Spanish Trail. "By now they've dropped the corporate look altogether. They're in designer jeans and concho belts. Just folks. I mean, these people are just hopeless."

Lynn Harris' adobe home is on one of the forty-acre spreads at X9 Ranch. She and her husband designed it with nineteen-foot ceilings, a loft and windows that look out on the nearby monument and forest lands. Last fall she saw a mountain lion walking across her driveway. She is proud of the long list of deed restrictions at X9, aimed at protecting the environment, and she wishes the ranch would serve as a model for development in the Rincon Valley.

A multi-generation Tucsonan on her mother's side and a granddaughter of Hi Corbett, Harris has a fondness for things old and stable. Her other grandfather, Jake Meyer, used to tell her stories about roping wild cattle in the Rincon Mountains during his teens. She went into a cabin there many years later and found it exactly as he described it, his name carved just where he said it was. "It just blows me away to think, here in Tucson, the capital of uncontrolled growth, there's something that is the same seventy years later."

An architect who used to work as a project manager for a local builder, Harris is not opposed to growth and development, and does not want to see Estes fail in its Rocking K project, she stresses. But



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she doesn't believe it makes sense to bring urban densities out to these foothills, with their rich wildlife and riparian creek. "The whole community uses this as an example of desert. When your Aunt Minnie comes in from Iowa, you take her out along the Spanish Trail to Saguaro Monument and Colossal Cave. This valley is a viable tourist attraction, just as much as Old Tucson and Grand Canyon," says Harris, who is a member of the citizens' oversight committee. "We see this as a low-density preserve that serves the whole of the county."

Joe Maierhauser, the man who holds the lease to Colossal Cave and has turned it from a drain on tax dollars to a self-supporting park, couldn't agree more. "You look at the land, and you don't have to have an expert tell you that it should be handled with care, that it's an enormous watershed for the entire Tucson basin and an area of unique beauty," he says.

Maierhauser, too, says he's no opponent of development. He is a conservative, monied Republican who loves to hold court at the Mountain Oyster Club downtown. He's a man who thinks as big as he stands, favoring massive bolo ties and quietly amassing a private nature preserve of 400 acres, called Bearpaw, between Colossal Cave and Coronado National Forest.

He is a Republican in the Teddy

Roosevelt, conservationist mold, who says he has no problem with elitism provided it results in stewardship of the land. Last year he made one phone call to the State Land Department and helped kill plans for an amphitheater in his area. For him it is a given that country worth saving should be bought and paid for, either by government or individuals. That's why he is part of an apolitical group, the Pima County Parklands Foundation, quietly working to acquire and set aside trustlands, through donations, wills or other means.

Much of the Rocking K is appropriate for reasonable development, he says, and he has no problems with the concept of a resort or two. But in the corner of the Rincon Valley that is up against the mountains, he "feels very strongly that if we don't act now to preserve as much as possible, it will be too late. I would hope to, when I pop off, know that I left that area better than I found it." To Estes, with whom he has no quarrels, he offers this challenge: "The more powerful you are, the more land you own, the more your responsibility."

The Rincon is the last valley in this basin. This is where we find out who we are. And everyone who comes after us will have to live with the answer, because we will leave them with none of these choices—these struggles between our two selves. □

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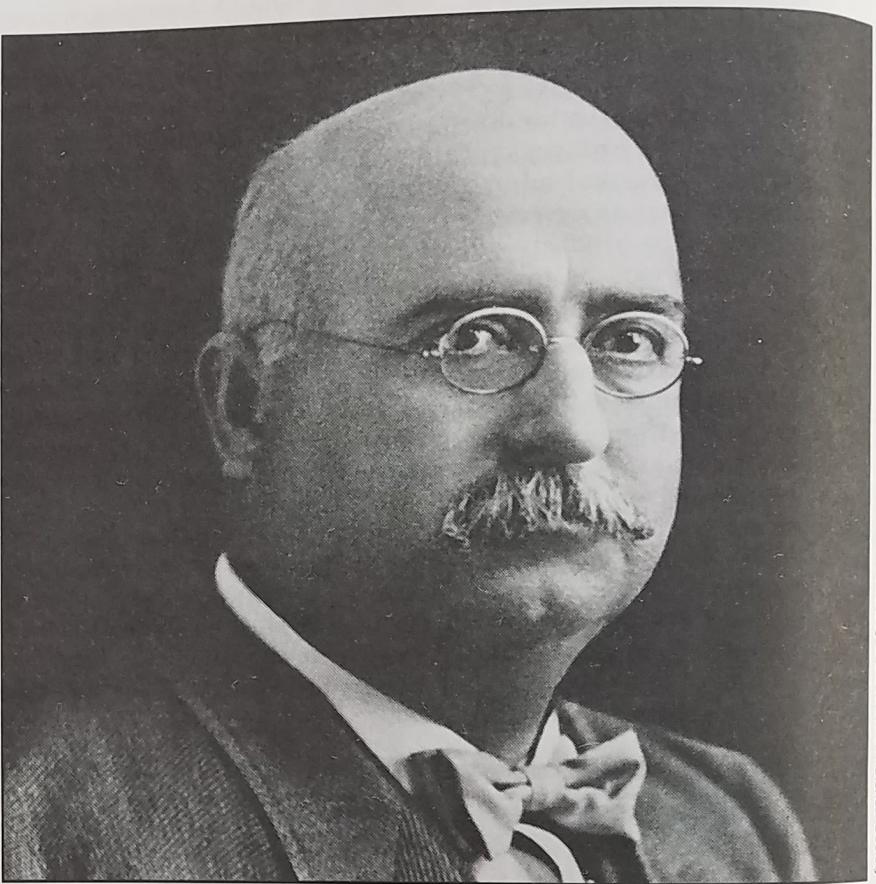
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HISTORY

WHO'S THE GUV?

If you think 1988 is bad...try 1917

BY MARGARET F. MAXWELL



After a year and a half of gubernatorial upheaval, climaxing with many Arizonans thinking not only of fifty ways to leave the governor, but also, if possible, the state, some of us may be tempted to think that Arizona never had it so bad. But if anyone thinks that 1988 has a corner on crisis, a run through any of Arizona's newspapers for the year 1917 may be enlightening. Just over seventy years ago, though the United States was not yet a participant, World War I was raging, and the Germans were mopping up the Allies. Sixty miles south of Tucson, just over the border, Pancho Villa was massacring all the Americans he could lay his hands on—nothing personal, you understand; he just hated Americans. Governor George W.P. Hunt had called out the Arizona National Guard to see to it that Villa stayed on his side of the border. Despite this, Tucsonans, knowing that only sixty miles of desert terrain separated them from that thin line, lived in a state of chronic tension.

In the midst of all the turmoil, on November 7, 1916, elections for Arizona state officials were held. Rather unexpectedly in a year of the usual Arizona Democratic landslide,

returns at the end of the day showed Republican candidate Thomas E. Campbell the new governor, beating Democratic incumbent George W.P. Hunt—the only chief executive Arizona had known—by all of thirty votes. But as returns from the outlying precincts came in, Campbell's tenuous hold on the election shifted, with Hunt in the lead by a few votes one day and Campbell with an equally small lead the next. The final total was so close that when the secretary of state's office issued Campbell a certificate of election, Hunt insisted on a recount. Sealed bags of votes were laboriously transported to Phoenix and the recount started—proceeding with agonizing slowness as the tally jockeyed within twenty-five or so votes of a tie—first in Campbell's favor and then in Hunt's. On December 16 the Superior Court in Phoenix ruled against Governor Hunt's efforts to contest Thomas E. Campbell's election.

But Hunt was certainly not of a mind to "go gentle into that good night." On December 30, he noted in his diary that "Campbell filed his oath of office and so did I—in the inspection of ballots I am nearly 90 ahead and it will be finished in 4 or 5 days." January 2, inauguration day, brought

stalemate, with Hunt locking himself in his office in the State Capitol where he had first taken the oath of office, and with Campbell somehow gaining access to the east front balcony of the Capitol where he inaugurated himself. Seeing that his opponent meant business, Campbell sensibly did not press the issue. He set up a governor's office downtown, leaving George W.P. Hunt in temporary possession of the State Capitol.

On January 8, 1917, the Third State legislature convened. The Arizona Superior Court had agreed to decide who had won the gubernatorial election, but in the meantime, depending on your viewpoint, either Arizona had two governors or none at all. The Legislature's preliminary housekeeping took up a couple of days and then, in the absence of the necessary executive arm of the government, the two houses began to convene each morning and adjourn after ten minutes. For a ten-minute day, the seven dollar per diem pay didn't sound bad, but the work was a little boring. And unless you lived in Phoenix, you could hardly go home for the rest of the day. Furthermore, without a governor to sign the payroll for the time being, the legislators were in the uncomfortable position of serving without pay. Fortunately, as legislators' funds ran low, Phoenix hotels and boarding houses agreed to extend them credit, pending a settlement of the governor problem.

At last, on Saturday, January 27, after a month during which Hunt had guards posted twenty-four hours a day in his office to keep Campbell out, the Supreme Court declared Thomas Campbell de facto governor, because of his certificates of election from the secretary of state. The court's decision was made despite the fact that by now the ballot recount had Hunt leading by about a hundred votes. On January 29 Hunt noted in his diary that "the DeFacto Governor read his message" to the State Legislature. "I spent the day like a lion in his cage."

Convinced that his cause was just, beleaguered "governor-in-exile" Hunt pursued the matter in the courts for almost a year until on December 22, 1917, the Supreme Court reversed its earlier verdict and declared G. W. P. Hunt Arizona's legally elected governor. Campbell, certainly a more graceful loser than his opponent, turned the governor's office over to Hunt on Christmas Day. An ironic footnote to the debacle—although no one questioned the legality of his official actions as governor while the office was in litigation, Thomas Campbell had to repay his year's salary to the state.

Though of a different political and philosophical persuasion than Arizona's most recent "governor-in-exile," George W.P. Hunt might have

found himself curiously in sympathy with Evan Meacham in several respects. Having little formal education, and having risen to a position of comfortable wealth by the time he was elected Arizona's first governor back in 1911, Hunt had arrayed himself against the establishment as the champion of "the common man." During the couple of decades of Hunt's almost continuous tenure as governor, he roused emotions of hatred and affection among his supporters and detractors which matched anything Evan Meacham has managed to stir up. As a

matter of fact, because of the controversy that surrounded many of his political views, Hunt was subject to several abortive attempts to recall him from office, including one involving alleged irregularities in purchases for the state prison from Hunt's Old Dominion Commercial Company. More than any other governor, he set his stamp on Arizona government as he was repeatedly re-elected to office during the first twenty years of statehood. Much of the time he lacked the support of Arizona's newspapers, a fact that in his mind only proved that

these organs were "tools of the big interests" and that his cause was just.

Although at times he faced a hostile legislature, he never was subject to impeachment. Will Meacham's presence prove to be a momentary blip on Arizona's time chart? Or will his base of support among the "good people" of Arizona prove powerful enough to withstand newspaper opposition and the enemies he characterizes as "militant liberals and homosexuals"? □

Margaret Maxwell is a professor of library science at the University of Arizona.

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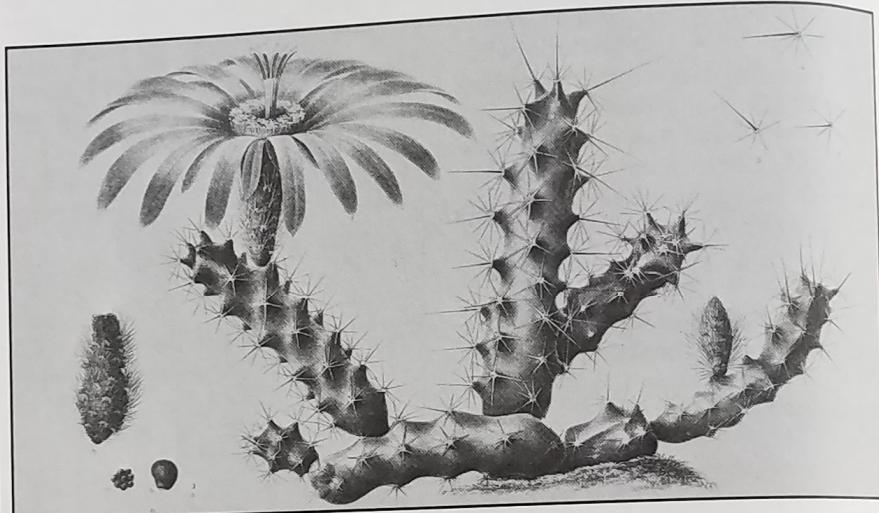
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BOOKS

INVENTING THE SOUTHWEST

The first boundary survey

BY NEIL CARMONY



Report on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey Made Under the Direction of the Secretary of the Interior by William H. Emory, Major, U.S. Army Corps of Topographical Engineers, 1857-1859. (Reprinted 1987 by the Texas State Historical Association, Austin. Three boxed volumes, 1,022 pp., 346 color and b&w illustrations, \$175.)

Nuclear warheads; poison gas; laser weapons in space. These are the kinds of things that come to mind when one thinks of military science in the 1980s. Prior to the twentieth century, however, the U.S. Army performed many non-lethal functions for the federal government. Before the rise of civilian scientific bureaus, the Army supplied Uncle Sam with explorers, map makers, weather specialists and naturalists. Thus, when the survey of the boundary with Mexico that resulted from the Mexican War bogged down, the Secretary of the Interior turned to an Army man to get the job done right.

Major William H. Emory of the Corps of Topographical Engineers had traversed the Southwest with General Kearny in 1846 and was recognized as an expert on the region. He took over the survey of the boundary (a line created by the 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo to divide the U.S. and Mexico) and completed the job quickly and efficiently. No sooner was he finished than he was given the task of surveying still another boundary with Mexico, that created by the Gadsden Purchase of 1853. Despite rugged terrain and wilderness condi-

tions, this survey went smoothly and was concluded in October 1855. While in the field, Emory and his men did much more than merely determine the latitude and longitude of points along the boundary and erect monuments to mark its course. They also gathered a wealth of information concerning the geology, flora, fauna and native peoples of this wild land that Mexico had owned but, for the most part, had not occupied. This was the first significant scientific penetration of the Southwest borderlands region.

Emory published the results of his survey of the Mexican boundary in three lavishly illustrated quarto volumes (1857-1859). *Report on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey* was immediately recognized as a monumental contribution to science. After more than a hundred years, it is still regarded as nothing less than the foundation natural history document for the Mexican boundary region. The *Report* has now been reprinted in facsimile by the Texas State Historical Association. The new edition is faithful to the original in every way, including the fine quality of the printing.

Volume one of the new edition begins with an insightful introduction by historian William Goetzmann. The introduction (the only modern introduction into the *Report*) is followed by a 100-page "Personal Account" by Major Emory. Here he gives us a surprisingly candid discussion regarding the political and diplomatic hassles that characterized the boundary surveys—it was more difficult to negotiate the

political maze than the arid southwestern terrain. Emory also traces the work of the field parties from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the 111th meridian (near the present-day town of Nogales, Arizona). Lieutenant Nathaniel Michler supervised the survey of the boundary west of the 111th meridian. Michler provides a brief (twenty-five pages) but interesting narrative describing his experiences in the hot deserts of western Arizona. The rest of the volume is devoted to a discussion of borderlands geology and to tables of surveying data.

The vegetation of the boundary region is the topic of volume two of the *Report*. And it would be hard to overstate the significance of this work as a contribution to American botanical science. For the first time the United States was in possession of large tracts of desert. This land was clothed with curious plant forms designed by nature to cope with aridity. The botanists who worked with the plants collected during the boundary survey found new discoveries in every package. Scores of species are described in the *Report* for the first time. The names of these botanists—C.C. Parry, John Torrey and George Engelmann—along with the names of the field collectors such as Arthur Schott and Emory himself, are now woven into the botanical nomenclature of the Southwest. Some of the most characteristic plants of the region bear names that commemorate their work—Emory oak, Schott agave, Torrey yucca, Parry agave, Engelmann prickly pear. Emory's *Report* served as a handbook to southwestern plants for decades.

Volume three, the zoological report, was prepared by Spencer Baird of the then fledgling Smithsonian Institution. The mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes collected by the expedition naturalists were studied and described by Baird and his colleagues. Many species unique to the Southwest were new to science, and Baird was presented with a treasure trove of exciting discoveries. For example, sixteen of Arizona's twenty-seven species of native fish were first collected for study by members of the boundary surveys. Although the zoological report is primarily a technical treatise, here and there Baird gives us anecdotes from the journals of the field naturalists that help to spice things up. It is through the field notes of Emory's naturalists—John H. Clark, C.B.R. Kennerly and Arthur Schott—that we learn that grizzly bears were fairly common in southeastern Arizona in the 1850s, whereas javelina were virtually absent. Exactly the opposite is the case today.

Steel engravings, copper engravings, lithographs, and woodcuts—all

of these techniques were used to reproduce drawings made by the expedition artists and scientific illustrators. Indians, landscapes, fossils, geologic strata, plants, birds, mammals, reptiles, and fish are depicted in profusion throughout the report. Although realistic representations, these illustrations have a charmingly antique look that is pleasing to the modern eye. Thirty-seven color plates are included, twenty-five of them stunning portraits of southwestern birds. It is the charm and beauty of the illustrations, as much as anything else, that

make the *Report* of continuing interest to people who are not trained biologists.

For all its beauty and importance as a scientific document, the boundary survey report does not contain much stimulating prose. Emory's "Personal Account" is historically important but the sort of document one might expect from an engineer—long on dry technical writing and short on lively narrative.

So who will buy these books at \$175 a set? Libraries will regard this new edition as a boon and snap up

many sets to replace beat-up originals, and a few individuals, caught between an interest in southwestern natural history and a love of fine bookmaking, will find Emory's *Report* irresistible. But most of us will put our \$175 back in our pockets and be satisfied to consult the boundary survey report at the library. □

Historian Neil Carmody is a Tucson native. He's co-edited four books with CM outdoors editor Dave Brown, the latest being The Log of the Pantheon (Boulder, Colorado: Pruett Publishing, 1987).

CITY PORTRAIT

NAME:

Tyler Atkinson
(formerly Nancy Atkinson)

POSITION:

Owner, *Many Goats*, an American Indian arts and jewelry store.

BEFORE TUCSON:

Raised on Navajo Indian Reservation till she was 14. Moved to Tucson 1959.

ABOUT HER NAME:

Changed name to "Tyler" during a major change in her life. Considered "Morgan," but a friend's dog had that one.

ABOUT HER STORE'S NAME:

First used in early 1900s by her grandfather. Named his reservation trading store *Many Goats*, after an Indian friend, to show where he stood during the Indian/cattlemen conflict.

STILL CARRIES WITH HER:

The Indian spiritual beliefs she was introduced to. "It's...an open way of thinking about life."

WOULD LIKE TO:

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HOME MOVIES

Here's the best flicks ever made in Arizona, hoss

BY KEN NICHOLS

The small town I grew up in didn't look like the small towns in the movies. When I visited Los Angeles and saw some of the older residential areas, I knew why. My hometown was in Arkansas; movie small towns were in California. And London, Paris, the Dark Continent, the South Seas were in California too—props on a studio lot.

Situated next-door to Arizona, the studios didn't need to build the West. The Movie West—saguaro, creosote, dusty trails up rugged mountains—was Arizona, a mythical region that inhabits the minds of movie fans from Biloxi to Bangkok.

All-time, all-star directors and actors have passed through Arizona—Ford, Hawks, von Sternberg, Walsh, Wilder, McCarey, Wyler, Siegel, Botticher, Cukor, Peckinpah. We've hosted Valentino, Bogart and Flynn, Marlene Dietrich and Marilyn Monroe.

The Arizona list of Westerns contains Bigtime Great Movies. To John Ford the West was Monument Valley, and he did his best work up there with John Wayne. William Wyler made "The Westerner" (1940) in Tucson. Anthony Mann's best Jimmy Stewart Western, "Winchester '73" (1950), was shot in Tucson and Nogales.

Arizona's been a stage for many stinkers as well. In "Night of the Lepus" giant rabbits attack Ajo. Everyone's favorite auteur, Tom Laughlin, saddled us with "The Trial of Billy Jack" in 1974. Joe Namath and Ann-Margaret came to town in 1970 to make biker flick "C.C. and Company" and left town with one of the worst movies of all times in their resumes. (Speaking of biker movies, catch the Paul Bunyan figure at Glenn and Stone in the credits of "Easy Rider.")

Get down to the video emporium and feast on the stuff of dreams, and your back yard.

"Lost Patrol" (1934). John Ford's tale of Brit soldiers battling Arabs. Other sand-dune movies about men of white flesh stranded near Yuma, threatened by men of darker flesh: "Beau Geste" (1939), "Gunga Din" (1939), "The Flight of the Phoenix" (1966).

"Sahara" (1943). Bogart battles Nazis outside Yuma. Best Hollywood WWII propaganda flick that didn't star Errol Flynn.

"Red River" (1948). The best Western film. Trailboss Howard Hawks, the Duke, Montgomery Clift and a screenful of troublesome cattle down around Elgin. "Fort Apache" (1948). All the John Ford/John Wayne/Monument Valley flicks are great, but "Apache" is special because of Henry Fonda's crazed, Custerlike cavalry officer. "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" (1957). Tour of Pima County with a wall-to-wall bombastic music score. Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas grimace and speak with barely controlled anger. "Utzana's Raid" (1972). Lancaster versus Apaches. Tense, eerie, the best movie about the war in Arizona.

"Junior Bonner" (1972). The Prescott movie. A mellow and funny Peckinpah number. Rodeo pro Steve McQueen comes home. Whiskey Row never looked better.

"Death Wish" (1974). N.Y. engineer Charles Bronson comes to Tucson, to consult for a local developer who won't bulldoze hills and cactus no matter how much it costs him. He gives Bronson a pistol. Bronson returns to New York City, shoots thugs, sparks a popular uprising. A line that runs throughout: "Tucson...I've heard it's a beautiful place."

"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975). They call it New Mexico and Phoenix, but you'll recognize it as Tucson. Ellen Burstyn goes through a lot of depression before she gets a break. Drenched in urban Tucson settings.

"Revenge of the Nerds" (1984). Sophomoric and funny. Ninety minutes of the UA campus.

"Raising Arizona" (1987). Great American comedy by Joel and Ethan Coen, graduates of Sam Raimi's "Evil Dead" school of weird and exhilarating camera movement. Great lines in a language we understand but don't speak. Phoenix convenience store bandit Nicholas Cage and policewoman Holly Hunter can't have children ("The doctor told us her insides were a rocky place where my seed could find no purchase"). They steal a baby out of a set of quintuplets. Tex Cobb, biker bounty hunter from Hell, pursues them.



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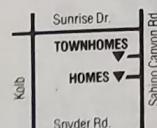
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ROAD KILLS

Where did all those crosses come from?

BY JIM GRIFFITH



The good bishop had had enough. In a series of meetings, he informed the civil authorities that the custom of erecting a cross on the road wherever some poor traveller had been killed by Apaches had to stop. Not only did it cheapen the sacred symbol and strike terror into the hearts of the poor travellers, he said, but it would make the Apaches even bolder. The civil authorities responded with a letter ordering that all the crosses along the highways be taken down, and that the erection of such crosses be forbidden. The man who had complained was the first Bishop of Sonora, Fray Antonio de los Reyes. The order was issued by Philip de Neve, commandant-general of the Interior Provinces of New Spain, to Pedro Corbalán, intendant-governor of Sonora, a province that included

much of what we now call Southern Arizona. The date was December 22, 1783.

Viewed across the gulf of two centuries, all this activity seems a bit futile. Whatever the immediate results of the order, it certainly had little or no long-term effect on the appearance of this region's roads. The internal combustion engine had replaced Apaches and bandits on Arizona's highways, of course, and there have been other changes. But the basic custom of marking death sites with a cross is still an important one in this region. Probably the best place to see it on this side of the border is along U.S. Highway 86 that crosses the Tohono O'odham Nation from east to west. (It's the westward extension of Ajo Way. I used to travel it with a friend who had grown up in Ajo. He called it the Tucson

Road.) Simple crosses, small shrines and clusters of crosses marking multiple deaths line the highway, seemingly one every five miles or so.

This custom seems to have its roots on both sides of the Atlantic. It has long been the practice in Europe and in Catholic America to erect a cross to mark a wayfarer's falling place, and it has long been the traditional response on seeing one of these crosses to pause and say a prayer for the victim's soul. But here in O'odham country there may have been a similar tradition before the Europeans arrived. Near the village of Sil Nakya, a pile of stones marks the death, many years ago, of a ceremonial runner. Travellers stop and add a stone to the pile. Similar rockpiles dot trails all through the Sonoran Desert. It's only a guess in many cases that they mark death sites, but it's a logical one.

When I first came to Arizona in 1955, the State Highway Department erected a small white wooden cross at every roadside death site. I remember one narrow bridge on the Old Nogales Highway that resembled an albino porcupine, with crosses bristling in all directions. That was a terrifying road in those days, filled with carloads of drunks heading for or returning from tipsy forays into Canal Street. The highway department stopped putting up crosses shortly thereafter, but it seems to have started up again on Highway 93 between Wickenburg and I-40, complete with green metal signs explaining their meaning.

There are shrines, and even small chapels along our highways as well. For many, like the one on Mule Pass going into Bisbee, I haven't been able to get the stories. I've been told that the little *capilla* at Sopori Ranch on Arivaca Road was erected by the widow of a rancher who was thrown from his horse and dragged to death there in 1934. It is maintained by the ranch people to this day. And a shrine cut into the hillside on the road just south of Patagonia was built by a mother in petition for her son's safe return from World War II.

It isn't just crosses and shrines that line our highways...there are stories as well. These, too, remind us that highways can be dangerous places. Up near Picacho Peak a VW full of university students is said to have hit a truck a few years ago, killing most of the occupants. The crash, the story goes, is reenacted again and again, the ghostly students perishing once more night after night. In the same area a ghost wearing a tall charro hat halts passing cars and rocks them back and forth. On Highway 95 north of Yuma a ghost used to get in cars and ride for a while, then disappear. A man who was killed in a car wreck over near Morenci would do the same thing, causing yet more accidents on the part of the terrified drivers. And a good one to end up with: A man driving along the Old Nogales Highway picked up three nuns, who showed their appreciation for the ride by telling the driver where to find a buried treasure. When the driver looked in the back seat, however, he saw that they were not living nuns at all, but skeletons dressed in black habits. He crashed his car.

So it seems we have always been a bit ambivalent about travel. While our formal institutions often praise it as a broadening and enriching experience, many of our traditions recognize that it can be dangerous, even fatal. Somehow I suspect that Arizona Highways won't be very interested in reprint rights to this article. Oh well. Happy trails.

Jim Griffith is director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.



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photo by Dick Randall

"For the benefit of new men on the force, I wish to state that we grade their catches in the following manner: One fox is one-half point, one coyote or one bobcat is one point, one bear is ten points, one lion fifteen points, and wild dogs are graded according to the damage they have been doing or the locality they are working in. Some of them are as bad as wolves, others are not. It is necessary to have fifteen points or one-half point per day for the time you work in order to get on the honor role....REMEMBER OUR SLOGAN, BRING THEM IN REGARDLESS OF HOW."

— Hunter's Newsletter
Arizona District, December 1926

The U.S. Biological Survey's Predatory Animal and Rodent Control (PARC) went on killing "bad" wildlife until the wolf, jaguar, grizzly bear and Arizona prairie dog were exterminated from Arizona. They're still at it. Last year, the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Animal Damage Control (ADC), successor to the PARC, destroyed 121,500 animals, including thirty black bears, fourteen lions and 1,530 coyotes. Two hundred fifty acres of prairie dog towns were poisoned. You and I paid for it.

"BAD" WILDLIFE

How you paid to kill 121,500 wild animals

DAVID E. BROWN

They want to kill more. Last year's ADC budget of \$547,536 was not enough. Money doesn't go far when it cost an average of \$4.50 to bring a creature to justice—not when 120,000 of the victims were blackbirds and mice.

ADC had thirteen field agents in Arizona in 1987 and an office staff of four. They think they need more personnel. According to their estimates, Arizona wildlife caused \$474,739 in "verified" losses last year, including \$11,401 in corn lost to beavers. Even by these figures, the program isn't paying for itself.

Nonetheless, the ADC is requesting the Arizona Legislature to ante up \$261,000 more in state tax dollars than the \$75,000 given them by the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board last year. This is in addi-

tion to the \$37,000 gleaned from the Department of Health Services to monitor plague and rabies and the \$22,900 contributed by the Arizona Game and Fish Commission for the aerial gunning of coyotes. Only \$16,000 of the bill is paid by ranchers and farmers. You and I will pay them more than \$750,000 in state and federal taxes.

Even this isn't enough. The state director and his field agents are going to rural county supervisors, drumming up more business and more money. They're trying to sell ranchers on the benefits of "preventative lion control." Yavapai County has pledged another \$15,000—half of what ADC had asked for.

It's the cost and the killing of lions and bears that frosts me. Why should I pay to kill animals that most Arizonans would give their eye teeth just to glimpse in the wild?

It's not only lions and bears that the ADC kills. Teaching ranchers to take care of their own problems is part of the job. A field agent will gladly show any stockman how and where to set a snare or trap. Of course, if a bear happens to get caught in a lion set, he's as good as dead. There's no way to get a bear out of a snare alive without administering a

sedative—at least not a way that anyone wants to try. Even the ADC's agents have yet to use tranquilizer guns.

All this is perfectly legal. Arizona Revised Statute's Title 24-801 allows the Arizona Livestock Sanitary Board to enter into agreement with the ADC "to promote the control and destruction of predatory animals, noxious rodents and related animals." A.R.S. 24-805 gives the county boards of supervisors the same powers. A.R.S. 24-82, which allows the Livestock Sanitary Board to pay a bounty of \$100 for each mountain lion and \$50 for each "lobo wolf," is still on the books.

That lions and bears are legally classified as big game animals doesn't mean these laws don't still apply. A.R.S. 17-239 of the State Game Code authorizes any livestock operator who has had livestock attacked or killed by a bear or mountain lion to exercise such measures as necessary to prevent further damage, including the taking of such bear or lion or contracting with another person for such taking. The only other stipulations are that any animals so taken must be left in the field and reported to the Arizona Game and Fish Department within ten days. Many ranchers and some judges believe that any lion or bear is a threat of "further damage."

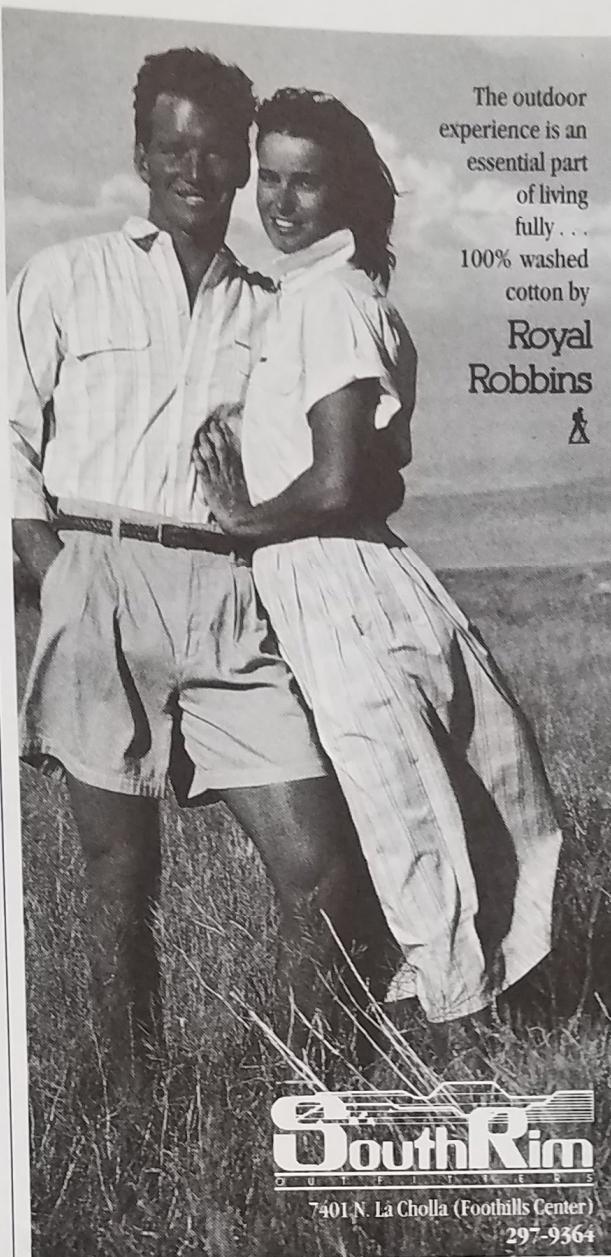
One argument in favor of the ADC commonly raised by wildlife managers and some conservationists says that if a governmental agency doesn't take care of wildlife depredating problems, the ranchers will. They reason that it is better to have professionals do the killing and thereby exercise some restraint on the methods used and the kind of animals targeted. I have news for them. The ranchers employ their own methods of control anyway, and always have.

On November 14, 1987, while hunting white-tailed deer along Peach Orchard Creek in the Galiuro Mountains, Randy Barnes stumbled onto a black bear caught in a giant trap. Fortunately the bear was dead and the trap sprung. If a hapless hiker had stepped into the set trap, he would have been helpless. Should he have survived the crushing grip of the huge trap's toothed jaws, he could never have extricated himself. The single setting clamp hung on a tree ten yards out of reach.

The trap had been baited with parts of cow carcasses and set in a "cubby"—a miniature corral used by professional trappers and biologists to attract and capture bears. Hearing the ranchers approach on an ATV, and not wanting to be caught at such a scene, Randy hid. What he found in the brush was four more bear carcasses—some of them recent.

Barnes, a member of the Arizona Bear Society, filed a report with Arizona Game and Fish Department. On investigating the site, Wildlife Manager John Holcomb found that the trap had been reset and held the mangled body of a coati-mundi. The trap was confiscated along with the remains of the five bears. Although the rancher had reported taking thirty-eight stock-killing lions during the last fifteen years, he had never reported any bears. Rumors are that there are at least two other bear traps set in the Galiuros.

We should not only stop funding governmental anachronisms; it's time Arizona revised its archaic wildlife depredation laws. No one but the stockman has carte blanche to kill the state's big game wildlife, much less an agency to do it for them. I'm sick of killing lions and bears on public lands—especially on brushy allotments and in rugged canyons where cows have no business anyway. When are we going to stop this nonsense? □



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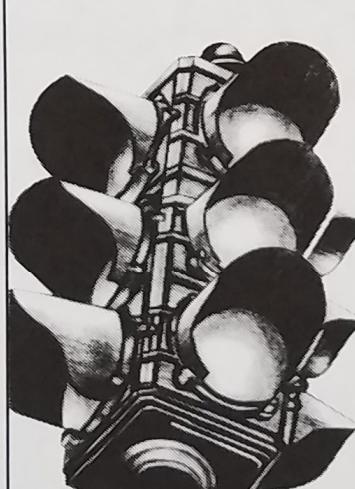
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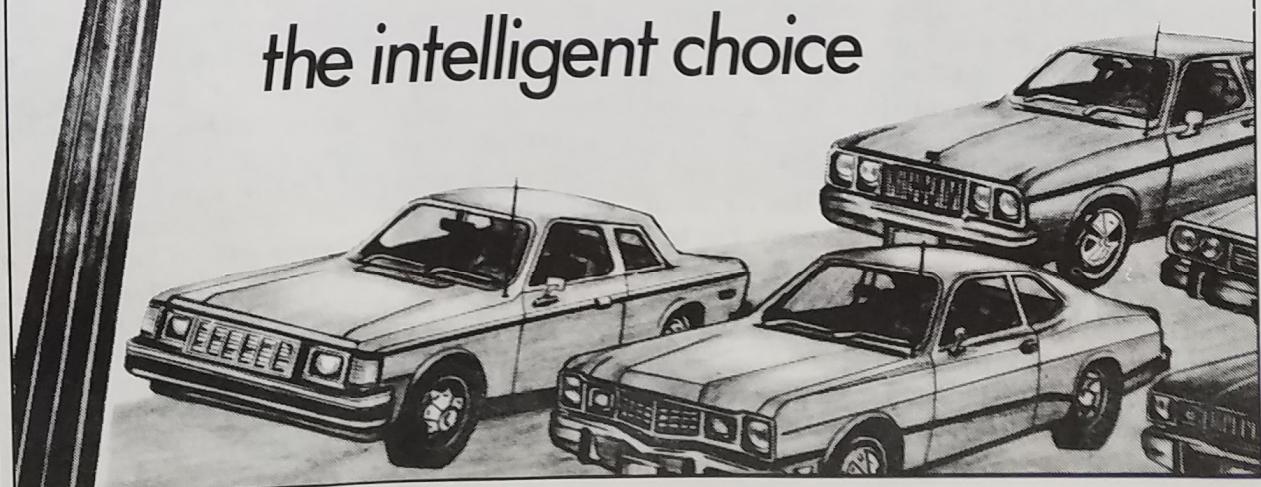
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ONE OF US



Hal Gould

Harry Meier

Harry Meier lives on the west side of town. He's retired now and spends his days with his horse Ginger.

My father was an immigrant from Germany and we were living in Mason City, Iowa. He bought this team of horses and he did things like trash-hauling and dredging. Later on he got a job with the railroad and sold his team, but those are the first horses I remember being around.

My wife and I moved to northern Arizona because our son had bad asthma. I came to Tucson to work for Tucson Cashways, and then Payless Cashways bought out the old Tucson Cashways. I was manager for them until I retired in 1975. Tucson was a much smaller place when I came here.

When I first came to Tucson, I sold my horses and got so involved in the business that for about twelve or fourteen years I didn't have any. I've had the horse I have now, Ginger, for nine years. When she was born, I was the midwife, if you want to call it that. I've had her since she was a baby. She can do a couple or three little tricks that I taught her. She'll bow and she'll shake hands and she'll stretch, which is fine for an old man like me. I can tell her to stretch

and that lowers her back and makes it easier to get on.

The first horse I ever remember training was a two-year-old work-horse colt on the farm. I asked the farmer I worked for if I could ride him, and he said, "Ya, but if you get hurt it's your own fault." Of course, I didn't have a saddle or anything, so I gently crawled on his back until it got to where I could ride him. I was about fourteen years old then.

The first time I ever trained a horse for somebody was when a woman called me and said if you train my horse I'll do a painting of your horse. That picture's hanging in the kitchen now.

After my wife died in 1983, I didn't have much to do and I volunteered at T.R.O.T. (Therapeutic Riding of Tucson). I worked with horses and handicapped kids.

The sad part about it is that it seems that these children never have just one handicap. But it's amazing what riding horses will do for them. Of course, some of them have never been on a horse, never even seen a horse, and they're so tensed up when they get on these horses. But after two or three sessions you'd be surprised. Particularly the children who have cerebral palsy or any other kind of physical handicap where they can't use their hands

and legs properly.

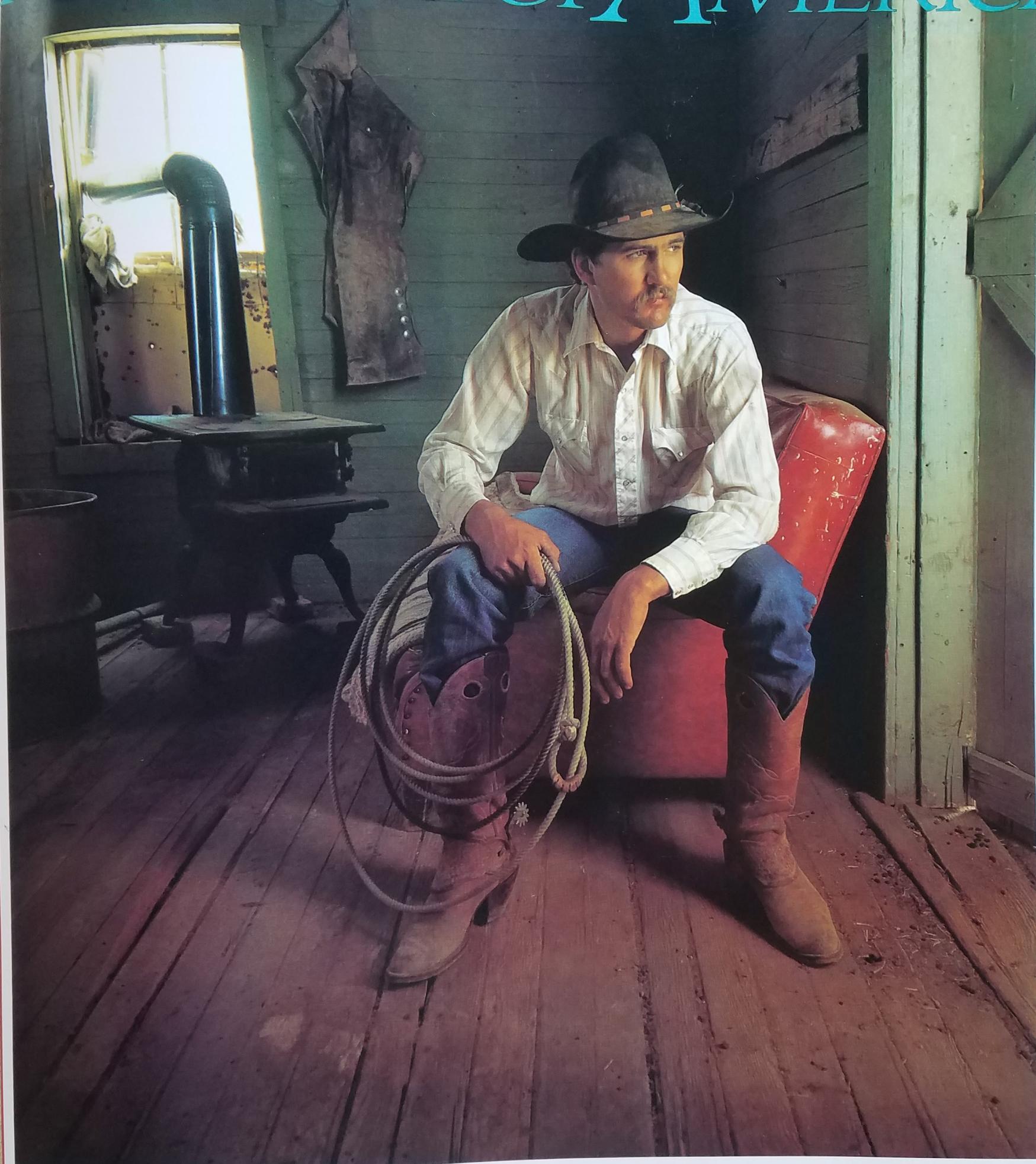
Then they moved out to the far East Side, almost twenty-five miles from here. When they moved that far away, I dropped out of the volunteer program. I miss it. I liked working with those kids because you can see how much it did for them.

Another time I got a call from a volunteer at the Adtech school (part of the Arizona State School for the Deaf and Blind). All she wanted me to do was bring Ginger down there and let the kids pet her and crawl on her, and I did that because she is just as gentle as a lamb. The kids had a ball. It was funny. Some of the kids would reach way out and touch her and were scared to death of the horse. The others would just pull her tail and hang on her legs.

My advice to anybody that's never ridden is to find an old, stable twelve- or fourteen-year-old horse that isn't spoiled to start with. You can always sell it to somebody else when you become expert, and then you can get that young, hot-blooded horse. But learn to ride first and let the horse teach you a few things.

The first thing the horse has to understand is that you're the dominant horse. If you put five horses out together, one is dominant. You have to take the place of that horse.

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